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JAN. 13, 1934

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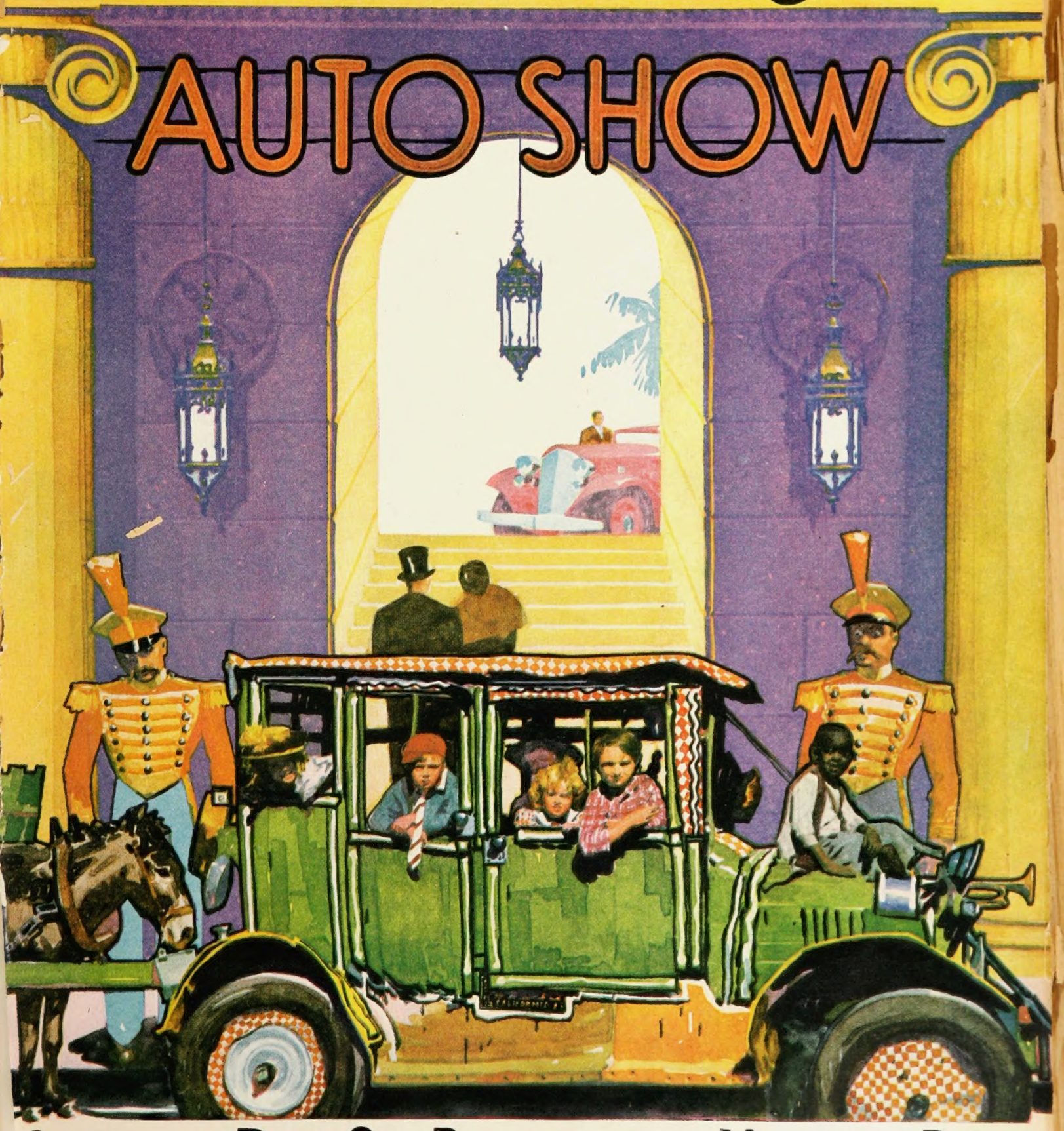
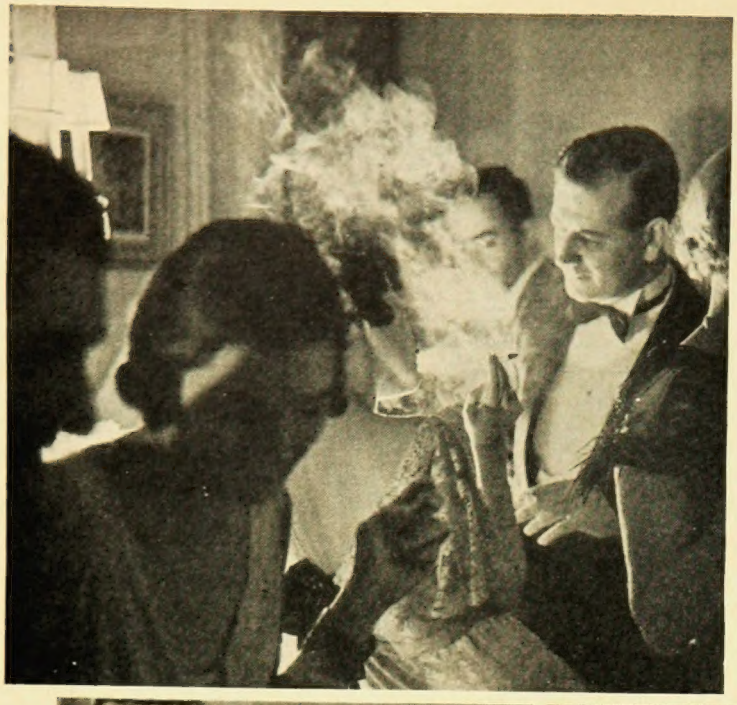


ANGEL or DEVIL? — BATISTA — THE HAVANA REBEL

BY FREDERICK PALMER



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JANUARY 13, 1934 **Liberty** VOL. 11, NO. 2

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WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

WHEN THE TAIL WAGS THE DOG

THE new administration saved us from destruction. Everybody was scared. No one knew which way to turn. What we call big business was afraid to move.

Then the New Deal came into being. And confidence in the administration was gradually acquired. It took hold of official matters with calm courage. The attitude of the people quickly changed. The stability of our government was no longer questioned.

But with the New Deal came many changes. Our President acknowledged that we must experiment in order to find the way out. If one plan proved ineffective he would try another.

The NRA gave us all new hope. We entered into the spirit of the new business codes with enthusiasm. Everybody saw light ahead.

But, in endeavoring to fashion a new régime, what class of citizens in this country could be considered most capable? What particular profession or business training gives a citizen a clearer view of the policies that should be adhered to to remedy our difficulties? Will it be the banker, the lawyer, the doctor, the politician, the farmer, etc.? Who has the most practical training in handling business affairs? For, after all, governing a city or country is distinctly a business proposition. There are difficulties to face that are similar to those that appear in the management of every huge business corporation.

Therefore, is it not quite plain that the most capable men to conduct the business affairs of this country in our various official positions, high and low, should be business men?

Business men also have the most at stake—they have the most to lose. They have spent many years, sometimes the larger part of their lifetime, in learning the practical rules of business. They are most interested in the stability of our country. They profit more through prosperity than the ordinary individual.

In the recent past we have a picture of the government attempting to tell business how its affairs should be managed.

The shoe is on the wrong foot. It should be the policy of business to tell the government how its affairs should be managed. Not big business, for political influence was considered their province in years gone by. But in speaking of business we are referring to the owner of the corner grocery store, the dry-goods shop, and the millions of our citizens who are spending their lives in active business service.

For the government to tell the business men how to manage their affairs is not unlike the tail wagging the dog.

The NRA was started in good faith. Some revolutionary action of some sort was necessary at that time. It was introduced as a temporary, transient measure. And it should be of transient duration. When unfair tactics, dishonesty, or other destructive measures creep into a business, then it is the government's duty to take action. But when business codes controlled by moral and conscientious scruples become the guiding force, then governmental enforcement is out of order. You cannot make people good by law. We learned that lesson most effectively through the Volstead Act.

The policy of getting the units of the various businesses together to confer and try to improve their particular business is commendable.

But the tail shouldn't wag the dog.

The ordinary business men in the past have refrained from entering politics. But it is about time they should recognize their importance.

Heretofore, when graft was a mighty power in governmental circles, so-called big business was allowed to dictate at times. And some of the disclosures are of such an appalling nature that Secretary Wallace is hardly to be blamed for referring to them as the " vomit " of capitalism.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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Published weekly by the Liberty Publishing Corporation, 1926 Broadway, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y. Advertising Office, Graybar Building, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1934, by Liberty Publishing Corporation in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. All rights reserved. In the United States and possessions, in Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5¢ a copy, $2.00 a year. In Argentina, Bahamas, Bermuda, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Jamaica, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Honduras, Salvador, Uruguay, Venezuela, $3.50 a year. In Continental Europe and British Empire, $5.00 a year. In all other countries, $6.00 a year.

"My Empty Arms"

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At twenty-five, when Harriet married Albert Armstrong, a baby was the last thing in the world she wanted.

At thirty-five she wanted a baby more than anything else in all the world.

At twenty-five she could have had it—easily. But at thirty-five it was another matter. Nature showed small enthusiasm—in fact, refused to accept her as a mother.

As she looked down the corridor of the years to a childless old age, solitary, forlorn, alone, desire grew into desperation. Must she go childless to her grave? Was the boon of motherhood to be denied her always?

Of doctor after doctor she asked those questions. They replied with pretty words, generalities, evasions, but not one gave her a definite or constructive answer.

Then as a last resort she went to a younger doctor, a recent graduate who had not yet made his mark.

He was brutally frank—"Why didn't you have your babies while you could? Why did you cheat Nature and now come crying to me that you want to be a mother? You've nearly thrown away your chance, but even at this late date you and your husband can have a baby if you enlist the aid of nature. I will tell you how, but . . ."

• • • •

In PHYSICAL CULTURE for February Harriet Armstrong tells the thrilling story of her desperate search for motherhood. It is entitled "My Empty Arms." A story filled with tears and smiles, aside from its absorbing interest and power to grip the human heart, it contains a wonderful philosophy of life and information that will hold out hope to a host of women who have made the same ghastly mistake of postponing motherhood too long. Every wife, every girl who expects to marry—every mother of growing girls should read it by all means—"My Empty Arms"—page 18—PHYSICAL CULTURE for February—now on sale.

Harriet, by refusing motherhood in the early years, invited a desolate, discontented old age

A Few of the Outstanding Features in the February Issue

Editorial *by Bernarr Macfadden*
What Is New in Air Conditioning—*J. C. Hardigg*
Why I'm Happily Married Now—*Anonymous*
My Fifty Years of Physical Culture, *by Bernarr Macfadden*
Care of the Feet—*Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, M.D.*
New Morals for Old—Trouble for You—*John Hayden*
Those Gall-Bladder Troubles—*Dr. Charles A. Clinton*
If Your Child Has Whooping-Cough—*Mae Savell Croy*
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the Detective Novel of the Year—Liberty Presents a NEW Kind of Mystery Story, Which Will Keep You Baffled to the Last Chapter (Unless You're a Better Guesser than We Think You Are!)

"This man has got to be arrested," said Cartright, his voice rising. "The bowling has got to be stopped. You hear? It must be stopped!"

The Case of the

(Reading time: 36 minutes 49 seconds.)

PART ONE—THE NERVOUS CLIENT

DELLA STREET held open the door to the inner office and spoke in the tones which a woman instinctively uses in speaking to a child or a very sick man. "Go right in, Mr. Cartright," she said. "Mr. Mason will see you."

A broad-shouldered, rather heavy-set man of about thirty-two, with haunted brown eyes, walked into the office, and stared at Perry Mason.

"You're Perry Mason," he asked, "the lawyer?"

Mason nodded. "Sit down," he said.

The man dropped into the chair Mason had indicated with a gesture, mechanically reached for a package of cigarettes, took one out, conveyed it to his lips, and had the package halfway back to his pocket before he thought to offer one to Perry Mason.

The hand that held the extended package of cigarettes trembled, and the lawyer stared for a moment at the quivering hand before he shook his head.

"No," he said, "thank you; I've got my own brand."

The man nodded, hurriedly put the package of cigarettes back in his pocket, struck a match, and casually leaned forward so that his elbow was resting on the arm of the chair, steadying the hand which held the match as he lit the cigarette.

"My secretary," said Perry Mason in a calm tone of voice, "told me that you wanted to see me about a dog and about a will."

The man nodded. "A dog and a will," he repeated.

"Well," said Perry Mason, "let's talk about the will first. I don't know much about dogs."

Cartright nodded. His hungry brown eyes were fastened upon Perry Mason.

Perry Mason took a pad of yellow foolscap from a drawer in his desk, picked up a desk pen, and said, "What's your name?"

"Arthur Cartright."

"Age?"

"Thirty-two."

"Residence?"

"4893 Milpas Drive."

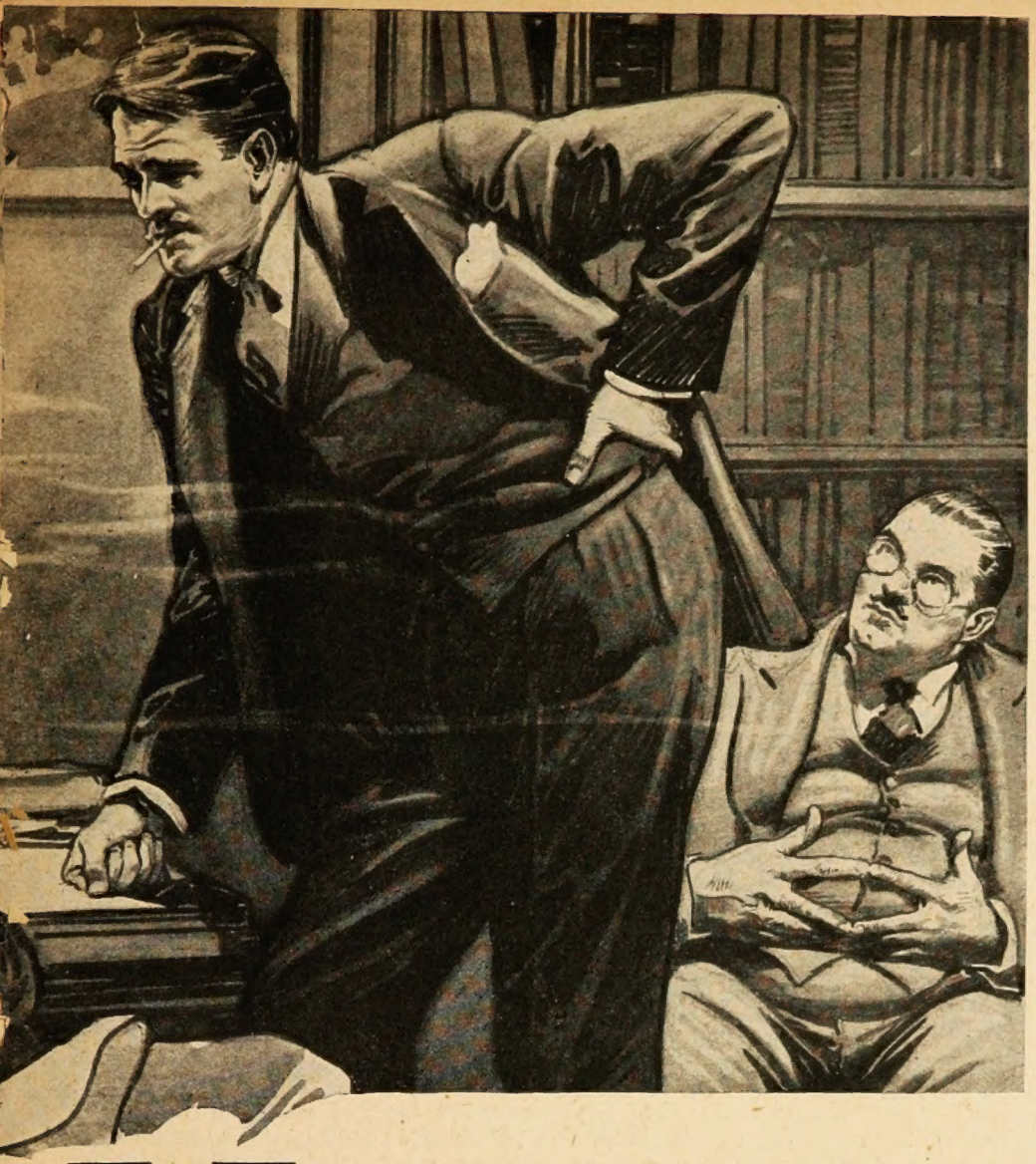
"Married or single?"

"Do we need to go into that?"

Perry Mason held his pen poised above the foolscap while he raised his eyes to regard Cartright with a calm, steady appraisal.

"Yes," he said.

"I don't think it makes any difference in the kind of a will I'm drawing up," Cartright said.



By
ERLE STANLEY GARDNER
AUTHOR OF
THE CASE OF THE SULKY GIRL and
THE CASE OF THE VELVET CLAWS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK GODWIN

Howling Dog

"I've got to know," Perry Mason told him abruptly.

"But I tell you it won't make any difference, on account of the way I'm leaving my property."

Perry Mason said nothing, but the calm insistence of his very silence drove the other to speech.

"Yes," he said.

"Wife's name?"

"Paula Cartright, age twenty-seven."

"Residing with you?" asked Mason.

"No."

"Where does she reside?"

"I don't know," said the man.

Perry Mason hesitated a moment, and his steady patient eyes surveyed the haggard countenance of his client. Then he spoke soothingly.

"Very well," he said. "Let's find out a little more about what you want to do before we go back to that. Have you any children?"

"No."

"All right. How did you want to leave your property?"

"Before we go into that," said Cartright, speaking rapidly, "I want to know if a will is valid no matter how a man dies."

Perry Mason nodded his head wordlessly.

"Suppose," said Cartright, "a man dies on the gallows or in the electric chair. You know—suppose he's executed for murder. Then what happens to his will?"

"It makes no difference how a man dies, his will is not affected," Mason said.

"How many witnesses do I need to have a will?"

"Two witnesses under certain circumstances," Mason said, "and none under others."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean that if a will is drawn up in typewriting, and you sign it, there must be two witnesses to your signature. But in this state, if a will is written entirely in your handwriting, including date and signature, and there is no other writing or printing on the sheet of paper save your own handwriting, it does not need to have any witnesses to the signature. Such a will is valid and binding."

ARTHUR CARTRIGHT sighed, and his sigh seemed to be one of relief.

"Well," he said, "that seems to clear that point up."

"To whom did you want your property to go?" asked Perry Mason.

"To Mrs. Clinton Foley, living at 4889 Milpas Drive."

Perry Mason raised his eyebrows.

"A neighbor?" he asked.

"A neighbor," said Cartright in the tone of voice of one who wishes to discourage comment.

"Very well," said Perry Mason, and then added: "Remember, Cartright, you're talking to a lawyer. Tell me the truth. I won't betray your confidences."

"Well," Cartright said impatiently, "I'm telling you everything, ain't I?"

Perry Mason's eyes and voice were both patient.

"I don't know," he said. "This was something that I was telling you. Now go ahead and tell me about your will."

"That's all of it."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean just that. The property all goes to Mrs. Clinton Foley; every bit of it."

Perry Mason put the pen back in its receptacle, and the fingers of his right hand made little drumming noises on the top of the desk. A wary appraisal was evident in his glance.

"All right," he said. "Let's hear about the dog."

"The dog howls," said Cartright.

Perry Mason's nod was sympathetic.

"He howls mostly at night," Cartright said, "but sometimes during the day. It's driving me crazy. I can't stand that continual howling. You know, a dog howls when there's a death due to occur."

"Where is the dog?" asked Mason.

"In the house next door."

"You mean," asked Perry Mason, "that the house where Mrs. Clinton Foley lives is on one side of you, and the house that has the howling dog is on the other side?"

"No," said Cartright; "I mean that the howling dog is in Clinton Foley's house."

"I see," Mason remarked. "Suppose you tell me *all* about it, Cartright."

Cartright pinched out the end of the cigarette, got to his feet, walked rapidly to the window, stared out with unseeing eyes, then turned and paced back.

"Look here," he said. "There's one more question about the will."

"Yes?" asked Mason.

"Suppose Mrs. Clinton Foley really shouldn't be Mrs. Clinton Foley."

"How do you mean?" Mason inquired.

"Suppose that she's living with Clinton Foley as his wife, but isn't married to him?"

"That wouldn't make any difference," Mason said slowly, "if you described her in the will as Mrs. Clinton Foley, the woman who is at present living with Clinton Foley, at 4889 Milpas Drive, as his wife. In other words, the testator has a right to leave property to whom he wishes. Words of description in a will are valuable only so far as they explain the intention of the testator.

"For instance, there have been many occasions when men have died, willing property to their wives, and it has turned out they were not legally married. There have been cases where a man has left property to his son, when it has turned out that the person was not really his son—"

"I DON'T care anything about all that stuff," said Arthur Cartright irritably. "I'm just asking you about this one particular case. It wouldn't make any difference?"

"It wouldn't make any difference," Mason said.

"All right," said Cartright, his eyes suddenly cunning. "Suppose that there should be a *real* Mrs. Clinton Foley. What I mean is, suppose Clinton Foley had been legally married and had never been legally divorced, and I should leave the property to Mrs. Clinton Foley?"

"I have explained to you," Perry Mason said, "that the intention of the testator governs. If you leave your property to the woman who is now residing at that address as the wife of Clinton Foley, it is all that is necessary. But do I understand that Clinton Foley is living?"

"Of course he's living. He's living next door to me."

"I see," Mason said cautiously, feeling his way and making his voice sound casual. "And Mr. Clinton Foley knows that you intend to leave your property to his wife?"

"Certainly not!" flared Cartright. "He doesn't know anything of the sort. He doesn't have to, does he?"

"No," Mason said. "I was just wondering."

"Well, he doesn't know it, and he's not going to know it," said Cartright.

"All right," Mason told him. "That's settled. How about the dog?"

"We've got to do something about that dog."

"What do you want to do?"

"I want Foley arrested."

"On what grounds?"

"On the grounds that he's driving me crazy. A man can't keep a dog like that. It's part of a deliberate plan of persecution. He knows how I feel about a howling dog. He's got that dog, and he's taught it to howl. The dog didn't use to howl; he's just howling the last night or two. He's doing it to irritate me and to irritate his wife. His wife is sick in bed, and the dog howls. It means death in the neighborhood."

CARTRIGHT was speaking rapidly now, his eyes glittering feverishly, his hands gesticulating, aimlessly pawing at the air.

Mason pursed his lips.

"I think," he said slowly, "that I'm not going to be able to handle the matter for you, Cartright. I'm exceptionally busy right now. Just got out of court from a murder case and—"

"I know, I know!" said Cartright. "You think I'm crazy. You think it's just some little piece of business. I tell you it isn't. It's one of the biggest pieces of business you ever handled. I came to you because you have been trying that murder case. I've followed it. I've been in court listening to you. You're a real lawyer. You were one jump ahead of the district attorney in that case from the time it started."

Perry Mason smiled slowly.

"Thanks for your good opinion, Cartright," he said, "but you can understand my work is mostly trial work. I have specialized on trials. Drawing a will is not exactly in my line, and this matter of the howling dog seems to be something that can be adjusted without a lawyer."

"No, it can't," Cartright said. "You don't know Foley. You don't know the type of man you're dealing with. Probably you think there isn't going to be enough money in it to pay you for your time. But I'm going to pay you. I'm going to pay you well."

He reached in his pocket, pulled out a well filled wallet, opened it, and jerked out three bills with a trembling hand. He started to hand the bills to the lawyer; but they slipped from his fingers when his hand was halfway across the desk, and fluttered to the blotter.

"There's three hundred dollars," he said. "That's for retainer. There'll be more when you get finished—lots more. I haven't been to the bank and got my cash yet, but I'm going to get it. I've got it in a safety-deposit box—lots of it."

Perry Mason didn't touch the money for a moment. The tips of his firm capable fingers were drumming noiselessly on the desk.

"Cartright," he said slowly, "if I act as your lawyer in this thing, I am going to do what I think is for your own good and for your best interests. Do you understand that?"

"Of course I understand it; that's what I want."

"No matter what it is," warned Mason, "if I think it's for your best interests I'm going to do it."

"That's all right," Cartright told him—"if you'll just agree to handle the thing for me."

Perry Mason picked up the three hundred-dollar bills, folded them, put them in his pocket.

"All right," he said; "I'll handle it for you. Now you want Foley arrested. Is that right?"

"Yes."

"All right," Mason said. "That isn't going to be particularly complicated. You simply swear to a complaint and the magistrate issues a warrant of arrest. Now, why did you want to retain me in that connection? Did you want me to act as special prosecutor?"

"You don't know Clinton Foley," doggedly repeated Arthur Cartright. "He'll come back at me. He'll file a suit against me for malicious prosecution. Perhaps he's

just trained the dog to howl so that he can get me to walk into a trap."

"What kind of a dog is it?" Mason asked.

"A big police dog."

Perry Mason lowered his eyes and watched the tips of his drumming fingers for a moment, then looked up at Cartright with a reassuring smile.

He unfolded the sheet of paper, which was marked on the outside: "The Last Will of Arthur Cartright."

"ALL right," he said. "It's always a good defense to a suit for malicious prosecution that a person consults an attorney in good faith and puts all of the facts before him and then acts on the advice of that attorney. Now I'm going to put you in a position where no one can ever recover in a suit for malicious prosecution. I'm going to take you to a deputy in the district attorney's office, one who has charge of such matters. I'm going to let you talk with that deputy and tell him the whole story—about the dog, I mean. You don't need to tell him anything about the will. If he decides that a warrant should be issued, that's all there is to it. But I must warn you to tell him the whole story. Give him all of the facts. State them fairly and completely, and then you'll have a perfect defense to any suit this man Foley might file."

Cartright sighed his relief.

"Now," he said, "you're talking sense. That's just exactly the kind of advice I want to pay for. Where do we find this deputy district attorney?"

"I'll have to telephone for an appointment," said Mason. "If you'll excuse me for a moment, I'll go see if I can get him on the telephone. Sit right here and make yourself at home. Help yourself to cigarettes."

"That's all right," Cartright said, making a swift motion toward his pocket. "I've got my own cigarettes here. Go right ahead and get that appointment. Let's do it right now. Let's get it over with as soon as possible. I can't stand another night of that howling dog!"

"All right," Mason said, pushed back his swivel chair, and walked to the door that led to the outer office. As his powerful shoulders swung the door back, Arthur Cartright was lighting a second cigarette with a hand that quivered so it was necessary for him to steady it.

Mason walked into the outer office.

Della Street, his secretary, twenty-seven, swiftly capable, looked up at him and smiled with the intimacy which comes from thorough understanding.

"Cuckoo?" she asked.

"I don't know," Perry Mason said. "I'm going to find out. Get me Pete Dorcas on the telephone. I'm going to put the whole deal up to him."

The girl nodded. Her fingers whirred the dial of a telephone into swift action. Perry Mason strode to a window and stood with his feet planted far apart, his broad shoulders blotting out the light, his eyes staring moodily down into the concrete cañon from which came the rumble of traffic.

"Here he is," said Della Street.

Perry Mason turned, took two rapid strides, scooped up a telephone from a desk in one corner of the room as Della Street's capable fingers plugged the call in.

"Hello, Pete," said Mason. "This is Perry Mason. I'm bringing a man down to see you, and I want to explain it to you in advance."

PETE DORCAS had a rasping high-pitched voice—the voice of an office lawyer who has perfected himself in the mastery of technicalities and is constantly explaining them to others who require argument in order to become convinced. "Congratulations, Perry, on your victory. It was well thought out. I told the trial deputy there was a weak point in that case on the time-element, and I warned him that if he went before a jury and couldn't explain that call about the stolen automobile he'd lose his case."

"Thanks," said Mason laconically. "I got the breaks, that's all."

"Yes, you did!" said Dorcas. "You make the breaks, that's why you get them. It suits me all right. I told

these fellows they were skating on thin ice. Now, how about this man that you're bringing down? What does he want?"

"He wants a complaint."

"On what?"

"On a howling dog."

"On a what?"

"That's right, a howling dog. I think there's a county ordinance against keeping a dog that howls in any congested area, whether it's incorporated as a city or not."

"There is some such ordinance; nobody pays any attention to it. That is, I've never had anything to do under it."

"All right," Mason said. "This is different. My client is either going crazy or has gone crazy."

"On account of the howling dog?" asked Dorcas.

"I don't know; that's what I want to find out. If he's in need of treatment, I want him to have treatment. If he's worked up to the verge of a nervous collapse, I want to see that he gets a break. You understand that a howling dog might be just annoying to one person and might drive a man of another temperament into insanity."

"All right," Dorcas said. "You're going to bring him down here?"

"Yes, I'm going to bring him down there, and I want you to have a doctor present; one of the alienists who sit on insanity cases. Don't introduce him as a doctor, but introduce him as an assistant of some sort, and let him hear the conversation and perhaps ask a question or two. Then, if this man needs medical treatment, let's see that he gets it."

"Suppose he doesn't want it."

"I said," Mason remarked, "that we should see that he gets it."

"You'd have to sign a complaint and have a commitment issued in order to do that," Dorcas pointed out.

"I know that," Mason said. "I'm willing to sign a complaint, myself, if the man needs medical treatment. I want to know, that's all. If he's crazy, I want to do what's best for him. If he isn't, I want to see that he gets action right away. I'm trying to represent his best interests. Do you get me?"

"I got you," Dorcas remarked.

"Be there in fifteen minutes," said Mason, and hung up.

He was putting on his hat as he opened the door of the inner office and nodded to Cartright.

"All right," he said. "He's waiting for us in the office. Have you got a car or do we go in a taxicab?"

"We go in a taxicab," Cartright told him.

PETE DORCAS uncoiled his lean length from behind a battered desk, stared at Arthur Cartright with steely eyes, and acknowledged Perry Mason's introduction with the usual formula of pleasure. He half turned and indicated a short paunchy individual whose face held what seemed at first glance to be merely bubbling good nature. Only a second glance disclosed the wary watchfulness that lurked back of the twinkle in the gray eyes.

"Meet Mr. Cooper," he said, "my assistant."

The paunchy individual smiled his pleasure, came forward, and shook hands with Cartright. The twinkling eyes studied Cartright's face in swift appraisal. The man held Cartright's hand for an appreciable interval after he had completed the perfunctory handshake.

"Well," said Mason, "I guess we're all ready to go. Is that right?"

"All ready," said Dorcas, sitting down back of his desk.

He was tall, lean, high-cheeked and bald-headed, and there was a mental alertness about him which made his audience restless.

"It's about a dog," said Perry Mason. "Clinton Foley, residing at 4889 Milpas Drive, his house adjoining that of Mr. Cartright here, has a police dog that howls."

"Well," said Dorcas, grinning, "if a dog is entitled to one bite, he should be entitled to one howl."

Arthur Cartright did not smile. His hand shot to his pocket, pulled out a package of cigarettes, then, after a moment's hesitation, dropped the package back in the pocket.

Cooper's twinkling eyes, watching Cartright in constant appraisal, lost their expression of bubbling good humor for a moment, then once more started to twinkle.

"This man has got to be arrested," said Cartright, his voice rising. "The howling has got to be stopped. You hear? It must be stopped!"

"Well," said Perry Mason, "that's what we're here for, Cartright. Go ahead and tell them your story."

"There's no story to tell. The dog howls, that's all."

"Constantly?" asked Cooper.

"Constantly. That is, I don't mean constantly. I mean he howls regularly, at intervals—you know the way a dog howls. Damn it! No dog howls all the time. He howls, and then he stops, and then he howls again."

"What makes him howl?" asked Cooper.

"Foley makes him howl," said Cartright positively.

"And why?" asked Cooper.

"Because he knows it gets my goat. Because he knows it gets his wife's goat. It means a death in the neighborhood, and his wife is sick. I tell you he's got to stop it! That dog has got to be stopped."

DORCAS thumbed through the index of a leather-backed book, then said in a querulous high-pitched voice:

"Well, there's an ordinance against it—an ordinance providing that if any one keeps any dog, cow, horse, chickens, rooster, guinea hen, fowl, animal, or other live stock of any sort, nature, or description within a congested area, whether the same be incorporated or unincorporated, under such circumstances that a nuisance is created, it is a misdemeanor."

"What more do you want?" asked Cartright.

Dorcas laughed.

"*I* don't want any more of anything," he said. "Personally I don't like howling dogs and I don't like crowing roosters. This ordinance was originally enacted to keep dairies and livery stables out of the congested districts. Milpas Drive is an exclusive residential district. There are some rather expensive homes out there. What's your address, Mr. Cartright?"

"Number 4893."

"And Foley's place is 4889?"

"That's right."

"Yet the two houses adjoin?"

"That's right."

"You've got rather a large lot?"

"He has."

"How about you?"

"Mine's just about average."

"Foley's wealthy?" asked Dorcas.

"Does that make any difference?" asked Cartright irritably. "Of course he's wealthy or he wouldn't be living out there."

"It doesn't make a difference in one sense of the word," said Dorcas slowly, "but you understand we have to use our judgment here in the office. I don't like to send out and arrest a reputable citizen without first giving him a warning. Suppose I give him a warning."

"It won't do any good," said Cartright.

Perry Mason spoke slowly.

"My client," he said, "wants to be fair. You can use your judgment as to methods, Dorcas, but I am going to insist that the nuisance be abated—that the howling of the dog cease. You can see for yourself that my client is in a nervous condition. It's been brought about by the howling of the dog."

"I'm not nervous," snapped Cartright. "Just a little upset, that's all."

Perry Mason nodded without saying anything. Cooper's eyes flickered to those of Mason and his head gave an almost perceptible nod. Then the eyes swung back to Cartright.

"I think," said Dorcas slowly, "that the policy of the office would be not to prosecute until after we had given a warning. We'd write a letter to Mr. Foley, telling him that complaint had been made and calling his attention to the county ordinance which makes the maintenance of such a dog a nuisance."

Perry Mason glanced at Cartright, who started to say something but was interrupted by Dorcas:

"The dog has been there for some time, Mr. Cartright?"

"Yes."

"How long?"

"I don't know—two months that I know of. I've only been there two months myself. The dog has been there that long."

"And he hasn't howled before?"

"No."

"When did it start?"

"Night before last."

"I take it," said Dorcas, "that you're not on good terms with Foley. That is, you wouldn't run across and tell him to please make the animal stop howling?"

"No, I wouldn't do that."

"How about telephoning him?"

"No."

"Well, suppose I write him a letter."

"You don't know Foley," said Cartright bitterly. "He'd tear the letter up and make the dog howl all the worse. He'd laugh with fiendish glee to think that he'd got my goat. He'd take the letter and show it to his wife, and—"

Cartright ceased speaking abruptly.

"All right," said Dorcas. "Go on. What else would he do?"

"Nothing," said Cartright in a surly tone of voice.

"I think," said Mason, "that we will be content if you write the letter, Mr. Dorcas, with the understanding that if the dog doesn't quit howling a warrant will be issued."

"Of course there'll be that understanding," said the deputy district attorney.

"Now, a letter sent in the ordinary course of mail wouldn't be delivered until sometime tomorrow, even if you got it out this afternoon," Mason said. "I am suggesting that you make a formal notification and send it out by one of the officers. Let the officer make a service upon Mr. Foley personally, or upon any one else who may be in charge of the house in the event Foley is not at home. This will have the effect of showing Foley that it is not merely a complaint instigated by Cartright and having no legal status."

Cartright shook his head doggedly.

"I want him arrested," he said.

Perry Mason's tone was patient.

"You put the matter in my hands, Mr. Cartright," he said. "And you will remember what I told you. You yourself have stated that Foley is vindictive, that he is wealthy, and that he may start some action against you. If that happens, it is incumbent on you to show that you have acted throughout in the utmost good faith. I think that this step suggested by Mr. Dorcas, with the modifications in procedure which I have pointed out, will place you in the clear, legally. It is my advice that you follow that procedure."

CARTRIGHT whirled on Perry Mason with a display of temper.

"What if I don't choose to follow that advice?" he asked.

"Under those circumstances," said Perry Mason patiently, "you would, of course, prefer to get some other attorney—some one in whose advice you *would* have confidence."

Cartright paused for a moment, then suddenly nodded.

"Very well," he said. "I will be willing to follow that procedure. I want you to send the notification out right away, however."

"Just as soon as it can be prepared," said Perry Mason soothingly.

"All right," Cartright said; "I'm going to leave that up to you. I'm going back home. You represent my interests, Mr. Mason. You stay here and assist in getting out the proper notification and seeing that it is delivered. Will you do that?"

"I will do that," said Perry Mason. "You can go home and get some rest, Cartright. Leave the matter in my hands."

Cartright nodded and paused with his hand on the door.

"Thank you, gentlemen," he said. "I am glad I met you. Pardon me if I seem a little upset. I haven't been sleeping very much lately."

Then the door slammed.

"Well," said Pete Dorcas, turning to Dr. Cooper.

Dr. Cooper placed the tips of his fingers together over his paunchy stomach.

"WELL," he said, the twinkle abruptly fading from his eyes, "I wouldn't want to make a diagnosis on the limited evidence available at the present time, but I should say it was a case of manic-depressive psychosis."

Perry Mason grinned.

"Sounds formidable, doctor," he said, "but doesn't that mean merely a nervous breakdown?"

"There is no such thing," said Dr. Cooper, "as a nervous breakdown. It is a popular expression applied to various forms of functional or degenerative psychoses."

"Well," said Mason, "let's get at it another way. A man who is suffering from a manic-depressive psychosis isn't insane, is he?"

"He isn't normal."

"I know; but he isn't insane."

"Well, it's a question of what you mean by insane. It isn't, of course, the degree of legal insanity which would excuse one from committing a crime, if that's what you mean."

"That isn't what I mean," said Mason. "Come on down to earth, doctor. Let's quit splitting hairs. You're not on the witness stand; you're just telling us. It's purely a functional disease, isn't it?"

"That's right."

"And curable?"

"Oh, yes; completely curable."

"All right," said Mason irritably. "Let's get rid of that howling dog, then."

"Of course," said Pete Dorcas, twisting a pencil in his fingers, "we haven't any one's word for the fact that the dog is howling, other than this man Cartright's unsupported statement."

"Oh, forget it," Mason told him. "You're not getting out a warrant. Go ahead and make a notification to Clinton Foley, stating that complaint has been made that he's violating ordinance number so-and-so, and give him a general idea of what the ordinance contains. He'll shut up the howling dog if he's got one, and if he hasn't he'll telephone in and let you know."

Mason turned to Dr. Cooper.

"That idea of the howling dog isn't apt to be a delusion, is it, doctor?"

"They have delusions in manic-depressive psychosis," said Dr. Cooper, "but usually they are delusions of persecution."

"Well," Dorcas remarked, "he thinks he's being persecuted. He thinks that the dog is being put up to it by Foley."

Perry Mason looked at his watch.

"Let's get in a stenographer," he said, "and we can dictate a notice that will cover the case, and get it dispatched."

Dorcas turned to Dr. Cooper and raised his eyebrows. Dr. Cooper nodded. Dorcas pushed a button.

"All right," he said. "I'll dictate it and sign it."

ERLE STANLEY GARDNER was born in Massachusetts forty-four years ago. He studied law and was admitted to the bar at twenty-one. Ten years ago he began writing. He has traveled widely in the Orient; is interested in Chinese art. He retains interest in court work, handling important trials for the law firm with which he is connected, in Ventura, California.

"I want to talk with the deputy who's going to take it out," said Mason. "I can perhaps expedite matters a little by seeing that he has ample transportation provided and—"

Dorcas grinned.

"You mean giving him a few cigars," he said.

"Perhaps," Perry Mason said, "I might give him a bottle; but I wouldn't want to commit myself in front of a deputy district attorney."

"Go on down to the sheriff's office," said Dorcas, "and get a deputy assigned to deliver the notice. I'll have it ready by the time you get back. You can go out with the deputy if you want to."

"NOT me," Mason said, grinning. "I know the proper place for a lawyer and the proper place for a deputy sheriff. One's in the office and the other's on the ground delivering notices. I'll be in my office when the notice is delivered."

He opened the door of the office and turned to Dr. Cooper.

"Don't think I'm argumentative, doctor. I appreciate the position you're in. But I hope you appreciate the position I'm in. This man came into the office, and I could see that he was in a nervous condition. I didn't know whether he was insane or not. I wanted to find out."

"Of course," Dr. Cooper said, "I can't make a complete diagnosis—"

"I understand that," Mason told him.

"Did he say anything else?"-asked Dorcas. "Did your client want to consult you about anything other than the howling dog?"

Perry Mason smiled quietly, a slow patient smile.

"Now," he said, "you *are* asking questions. I can tell you, however, that the man paid me a retainer, if that will be of any help."

"In cash?" asked Dorcas.

"In cash."

"That settles it," said Dr. Cooper, laughing. "A certain sign of insanity—a departure from the normal."

"I'll say it's a departure from the normal," Perry Mason remarked, and closed the door behind him. . . .

Della Street had Perry Mason's morning mail opened and on his desk when he pushed open the door of the outer office with a cheery "Good morning. What's new, Della?"

"A lot of usual stuff, and one that isn't usual," she said.

"All right," he told her, grinning. "What's the usual stuff?"

"Oh," she said, "one of the jurors on the last case wants to talk over a business matter with you. A couple more rang up to congratulate you on the way you handled the case. There's a man who's been trying to get you for an appointment and won't tell me what it's about. I think he's got some mining stock, or something, to sell. There are three or four minor criminal cases that—"

He made a wry face and a sweeping gesture of dismissal with his hand, then grinned at her.

"Bad as all that, Della?" he asked. "My God! I took up trial work because I wanted to get away from the routine of an office practice, and now trial work seems to be just as much of a routine as anything."

"Why," she asked, "don't you kick out all this small stuff and simply specialize on murder cases?"

He shook his head.

"People don't kill each other fast enough," he said.

"They have been lately," she told him.

"I know," he said. "But it's dangerous to specialize. I think the records show there was one stretch of twenty-five days without a murder in the city."

"A couple of big murder cases a year would keep you going," she said.

"If they were big enough," he told her. "But most of them aren't. What's the unusual thing?"

HER face changed expression.

"Listen," she said. "That's *plenty* unusual. It's a letter from this man who was in here yesterday."

"What man?"

"The man who wanted to see you about the howling dog."

"Oh," said Mason, grinning. "Cartright, eh? I had almost forgot him. Wonder if he slept last night."

"This is the letter," she said, "that came special delivery. It must have been mailed sometime during the night. It was picked up in the first collection and the special-delivery stamp brought it in right away."

"Something more about the dog?" he asked.

"He inclosed a will," she said, lowering her voice and looking furtively about the outer office as though afraid that some one might overhear her—"and ten one thousand-dollar bills."

Perry Mason stood staring down at her with his forehead washboarded, his eyes squinted.

"You mean ten thousand dollars in currency?" he asked.

"Yes," she said.

"Sent through the mail?"

Perry Mason held his pen poised above the foolscap while he raised his eyes to regard Cartright with calm, steady appraisal.

"Through the mail." Della was almost whispering.

"Registered?"

"No; just special delivery."

"I," said Perry Mason, "will be damned!"

She got up from behind the desk, walked over to the safe, opened the safe, unlocked an inner compartment, and took out an envelope and handed it to him.

"And you say there's a will?"

"A will."

"A letter with it?"

"Yes, a short letter."

PERRY MASON fished out the ten thousand-dollar bills, looked them over carefully, whistled under his breath, folded them and put them in his pocket. Then he read the letter aloud:

"Dear Mr. Mason:

"I saw you during that last murder trial. I'm convinced you're honest and I'm convinced you're a fighter. I want you to fight on this case. I'm inclosing ten thousand dollars and I'm inclosing a will. The ten thousand dollars is a retainer. You get your fee under the will. I want you to represent the beneficiary named in that will and fight for her interests all the way through. I know now why the dog howled.

"I'm drawing up this will the way you told me a will like this could be made. Perhaps you won't have any occasion to probate the will or fight for the beneficiary. If you don't, you've got the ten thousand dollars, plus the retainer I gave you yesterday.

"Thanks for the interest you've taken in my case.

"Sincerely yours,

"ARTHUR CARTRIGHT."

MASON shook his head dubiously, took the folded bills from his pocket.

"I'd sure like to keep that money," he said.

"Keep it!" exclaimed Della Street. "Why, of course you'll keep it. The letter shows what it's for. It's a legitimate retainer, isn't it?"

Perry Mason sighed and dropped the money on to her desk.

"Crazy," he said. "The man's crazy as a loon!"

"What makes you think he's crazy?" she asked.

"Everything," he told her.

"You didn't think so last night."

Perry Mason grinned at her.

"Well," he said, "Dr. Charles Cooper, the alienist who handles the commitments on the insanity board, remarked that the payment of a cash retainer was certainly a departure from the normal these days. This man has paid two of them within twenty-four hours, and he sent ten thousand dollars in an unregistered letter."

"Perhaps he didn't have any other way to send it."

"Perhaps," he told her. "Did you read the will?"

"No, I didn't. The letter came in, and when I saw what it was, I put it in the safe right away."

"Well," Mason told her, "let's take a look at the will."

He unfolded the sheet of paper, which was marked on the outside: "The Last Will of Arthur Cartright."

His eye ran along the writing and he slowly nodded.

"Well," he said, "he's made a good holographic will. It's all in his handwriting—signature, date, and all."

"Does he leave you something in the will?"

Perry Mason looked up from the paper and chuckled.

"My, but you're getting mercenary this morning."

"If you could see the way bills keep coming in, you'd be mercenary too. Honestly, I don't see how there can be any depression, the way you spend money."

"I'm just keeping it in circulation," he told her.

"Well," she told him, "yours circulates fast enough. But tell me about the will—or is it any of my business?"

"Oh, it's your business all right," he told her. "One of these days I may get bumped off, the way I work up my cases, and you'll be the only one that knows anything about my business affairs. Let's see. He leaves his property to Mrs. Clinton Foley, and then he leaves me a one-tenth interest in his estate, to be paid to me when the estate is finally distributed, upon condition that I have faithfully represented the woman who is the principal beneficiary in every form of legal matter which may arise, incident to the will, growing out of his death, or in any wise connected with her domestic relationships."

"Takes in a lot of territory, doesn't he?" said Della.

"That man," he said, "either wrote that will at the dictation of a lawyer, or else he's got a pretty good business mind. It isn't the kind of will a crazy man would write. It's logical and coherent."

Suddenly Perry Mason broke off and stared at the document with eyes that slowly widened in surprise.

"What is it?" asked Della Street. "Anything serious? A defect in the will?"

"No," said Mason slowly. "It's not a defect in the will, but it's something peculiar."

Abruptly he strode across the office to the door which opened into the outer corridor, and locked it.

In the next installment Perry Mason makes an amazing discovery. Who is Mrs. Foley? A thrilling chain of events that will surprise you.

Angel or Devil?

The Volcanic Story of Cuba's Young Mutineer Master and His Astounding Seizure of Power

By

FREDERICK PALMER

(Reading time: 17 minutes 55 seconds.)

"SOMEBODY will bump him off—he can't last a week. Mutiny, which made him, will destroy him. He can't control the hell he's loosed."

At a time when no gambler at Lloyd's would have taken a chance on Fulgencio Batista's life for another day at high premium, I told him that this was what people were saying about him.

His eyes were opaque Chinese eyes for a thoughtful second as he looked death in the face.

In that second, Captain Kidd, or any pirate who ever ranged the Spanish Main to waylay galleons laden with gold, might have saluted him as a kindred soul. Napoleon might have admired his audacity the while he swore that Batista ought to be riddled with bullets and his perforated remains hung on a high gibbet as an example to all mutineers. And this was the risk Sergeant Batista ran to make himself master of Cuba's army and her destiny between dark and dawn.

With a dapper upswing of his hand he brushed back the shock of his coarse raven-black hair. Then his eyes flashed Spanish fire. Then he grinned in his challenge to destiny. If he were to be bumped off he would be bumped off; but meanwhile—meanwhile I will say for him that, dead or dictator, his place is assured as one of the world's startling adventurers.

His swart bronze face, from poker calm through its emotional changes, personified the civilizations, half civilizations, and primitive strains which have made Cuban history.

It was just after the United States had freed Cuba, in our war with Spain on behalf of the Cuban insurrection of 1898, that Fulgencio Batista was born in a re-

Crowds located Machado's killers and stood by as they called police and soldiers to shoot them down.

Batista — The Havana Rebel

ILLUSTRATION BY HENRY ALAN

mote village far from Havana. His grandfather had been Chinese. His father was a small farmer and market gardener.

He looked out on a world in which sugar was the source of private wealth and power. When sugar was up in the great market of the United States, Cuba was up; and when sugar was down, Cuba was down. When sugar was up the sugar kings had grand sprees abroad.

The other source of wealth and power was politics. A Cuban president held office as long as he could keep his army loyal and strong enough to suppress any rebellion.

Batista enlisted in the Cuba infantry. But this was not good enough for the ambitious boy from the canefields. Sergeants got three or four times the pay of privates. The sergeants who had real power were close to the high command. Batista saw a sergeant taking down a colonel's dictation. Batista studied stenography.

THAT opened the way to the alluring goal of Havana. He gained a place in the army's holy of holies, main headquarters itself. He was taking the records of court-martial cases; he was at the elbow of the colonels and generals getting army and political secrets from their source—in the madly extravagant régime of Gerardo Machado. Dictator Machado was taking tribute from the stream of American gold flowing in reckless investment into Cuba, and from the showers of tourist gold from "dry" America upon wide-open Havana.

Machado himself had marked Batista as a very able sergeant. It was strange how many people on the inside knew Batista, ever snappy in his salutes, ever smiling, ever busy and ingratiating.

"Leave it to Batista," said staff officers hurrying off to a party and turning over documents that carried state secrets.

"Yes, sir," replied Batista.

No one noted in the responsive glow of his eyes any flash of hidden volcanic fire.

Watching, watching, continuing his education, he saw the price of sugar go down, down, and Cuba sink deeper and deeper in depression. He still had his sixty dollars a month when sugar kings were broke. For Machado had to pay his army. He faced rebellion—a new kind in Cuba. The striking students—who refused to attend classes until tyrant Machado was out—made the new rebellion youth's own, hell's own. Most of them possessed only one shirt and a pair of trousers

aside from their arms. Many did not know where their next meal was coming from.

They were ready to face torture and death for their cause. They used the knife, the bomb, the shot in the back against Machado's henchmen. He increased his *porristas* (strong-arm men in plain clothes) who acted as secret killers. They submitted the students to a third degree of the cruelest agony which the male can endure—without getting many victims to squeal.

Undaunted, the students and their allies, the ABCs, kept up their gunman vendetta, killing for killing.

Destiny was now running fast toward his day for Batista as the secrets of the army, Machado's only mainstay of power, flowed through the hands of that bland sergeant. He knew what man was due to be bumped off, or clapped in the dungeons, or allowed to flee—and what colonel was under suspicion. He was busy out of office hours as well as in. He could whisper a word to a sergeant or private which sank in as something very confidential.

He could flash a passing glance which said: "I'm with you—wait!" He flashed that high sign to student leaders when they started the general strike against Machado.

The tyrant would not yield. Hadn't he his army and his killers? He would beat the game as he always had from his barefooted origin in the jungle.

Then, one afternoon, the army was no longer with him. He hadn't a friend left. He was utterly alone—the man who had held Cuba in the hollow of a supple cunning hand of steel grip for eight years. He was a prisoner whom his captors allowed safety in flight.

Where yesterday five Cubans could not gather in talk in the streets without being arrested for political agitation, now the crowds had sudden freedom. Passion was out of the pillory. It leaped higher and higher.

MACHADIST cabinet officers, eminent Machadists who had tapped the public till by dictatorial favor, all who had conspicuously the Machadist taint, were in flight for their lives, their homes being looted. Crowds on man hunts located Machado's killers, and stood by as they called on soldiers and police to shoot them down.

Batista was not out on the streets—not in office hours—with the soldiers in their sharing of the bloody frolic with the people. But he was clapping them on their shoulders when they returned, his eloquent eyes flashing the message that he was one with them in spirit.

After the first burst of riotous public emotion had subsided, veteran political factions and the ABCs for the younger element united on the elderly gentle scholarly Cespedes for President. The United States recognized him. Peace seemed assured in Cuba. And Batista, never more on the inside of things, was faithfully taking stenographic notes for his new chiefs.

He was never so busy. His high sign of "I'm with you wait!" now took the definite form of action—"Very soon!" in the place of "Wait!"—to the students.

The students would have no truck with the new régime. These zealots fed on Sovietized literature saw the old gang still in power. The honest and tractable Cespedes was seen as the old gang's stool pigeon and America's, subservient to the American capitalists who had exploited Cuba and sucked her lifeblood under Machado. It did not occur to them that Machado's profligate orgy had been at our expense.

Communist leaders of the workers' movement shared the students' view. They struck hands in secret parley, hatching a new plot. They would put Cespedes out. But how, when he had the army with him?

As they saw it, theirs was a battle for the common man. The sergeants, corporals, and privates were the common men of the army. They too nursed a long suppressed grudge. Who knew better than Batista that there were long lists of names of fictitious soldiers for whom some one drew pay from the Cuban treasury?

Commissions for all officers were by social and political favor. The door to a lieutenancy was shut tight to all noncoms and privates—shut to stenographer Batista of the humble family of mixed blood.

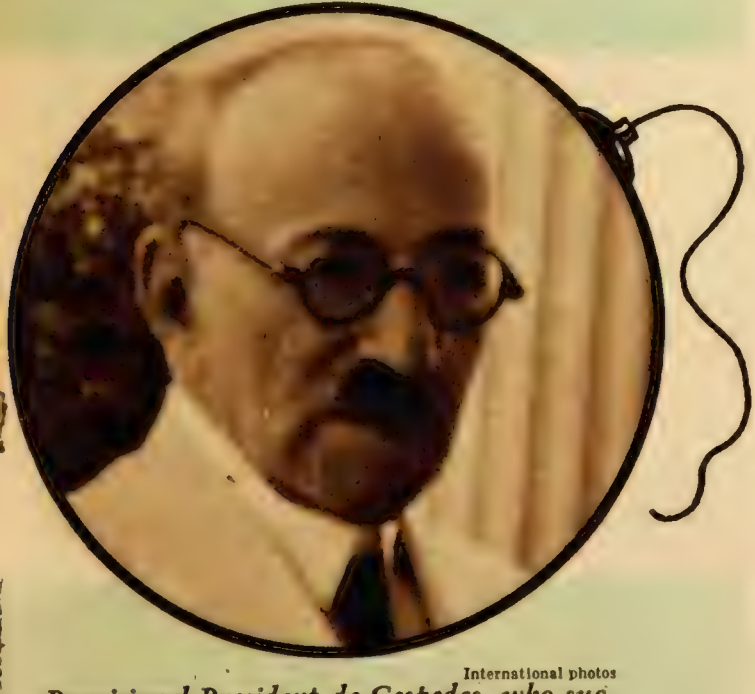
The plot found Batista with a long nursed plan to put in practice. "I knew that some day my time would come," he said. "It is here."

A foul word, mutiny. It means breaking your oath of loyalty. There have been many army mutinies in Latin America, but no mutiny of privates had succeeded. Batista was risking as ugly a death as in raising the black flag with skull and crossbones. He was about to walk a

Juan Blas Hernandez, veteran insurr... in to make his peace with Batista ... center, Batista at his left with fi...

Gerardo Machado, the dictator President whom the revolutionists drove from Cuba.

uerrilla, stuns Havana by coming
lent Grau San Martin. He is in the
, the President seated at his right.



International photos

Provisional President de Cespedes, who succeeded Machado. His rule was soon ended.

barbed wire as a tight rope. He was challenging all precedent, attempting the impossible.

His plot included thousands of soldiers. One weak link in the chain and he failed. One soldier who was tipped off to the plan and appeared to accept it, and who thought in loyalty, "The captain ought to know this!"—and he was caught.

He would be looking into the muzzle of a revolver. He would be tortured to make him reveal his accomplices, and then shot. I asked him if he realized this.

"Oh, yes," he said. "But I was sure the men were with me. I was sure I could do it."

No Cuban officer lived in barracks. That was too much shop; two or three hours a day were enough. Officers were out of touch with their men. Leave the routine work to the faithful sergeants, such as Batista, who now planned to relieve the officers of all of it.

Batista knew the outstanding privates as well as the sergeants and colonels. He picked men whom he could trust, covertly re-officering the army for revolt. Picked men picked others, completing the chain.

No word was written—all by whispers. In two weeks all was ready. The past master of grapevine information set the signal for the zero hour, which was passed on whisper by whisper. Until then—as you were!

Meanwhile every moment carried its apprehension for Batista. But not a man in the plot mentioned it to his captain or lieutenant. No officer had any suspicion of it.

Sergeants entered the offices of local commanders and, covering them, demanded their arms. Other astounded officers arrived at barracks to find all the troops of their commands drawn up, rifles loaded.

"The people are in command. You are relieved of duty." So Batista said to the Chief of Staff, politely, suavely, as if he were about to take dictation—but with shoulders back and revolver instead of pencil in hand. Nothing personal about it, he remarked. Just a change of chiefs, of government, of policy.

Every officer yielded. The gentle President Cespedes had to yield when Dr. Grau San Martin, spokesman for the junta of the conspiracy, told him he must go. For the army was against him. Standing at Grau's elbow were Batista and four soldiers with submachine guns.

WITH the news of the mutiny, fear ruled among all the white-collar classes. A student-worker-soldier government! Class against class! Under dog turned upper dog, his fangs taking mad revenge!

Anti-Americanism had taken the helm. Americans might be hunted down. Washington mobilized our marines at Quantico and hastened naval vessels to form a cordon around Cuba. Many alarmed Americans moved with their families into the huge tourist National Hotel as a refuge capable of defense.

All this contributed to Batista's self-importance. His elevation was as sensational in his world as though a sergeant of the old German army had taken the place of Kaiser William. It was more sudden than Hitler's or Mussolini's.

He was the big boss. Where yesterday he had waited on a colonel's nod, he now had favors to give. Having made himself a colonel and Chief of Staff, he promoted his loyal privates, corporals, and sergeants to be lieutenants, captains, and majors.

Cuba kept up her habit of surprises. There ought to have been anarchy, but there was not—not yet. Havana was more orderly than under Cespedes. But when hell began it would be the hotter.

So said all the opposing factions as they waited for the collapse of the usurping government. Bets were made as to how long it would last. Few observers gave it the limit of a week. When I hazarded two weeks I was offered very long odds.

After the wonder of how Batista had been able to put over the mutiny I was fascinated by the wonder of how he had been able to last even twenty-four hours. Once I had a real close-up of him, I raised my estimate to four weeks.

His nose is distinctly Chinese. Looking at him from nose to overhanging brow—when his eyes were blank or had a peculiarly hard ferret mystifying glitter—I was reminded of Chiang Kai-shek, who rose from a coolie to be the most powerful of Chinese war lords.

He is anything but the indoor secretarial noncom type. His short thick neck is set on square shoulders above a barrel of a body. His jaw, cut out of bronze, is as heavy as that of the paler Machado. Above the low forehead rises the fountain of black hair.

He caresses that mane; he runs his hand over it thoughtfully. When emphatic, he shakes it so hard that it cascades over his brow, then sweeps it back. I learned that his lion's mane was a part of his stage scenery in his new rôle, in which he acted his real self in diabolical energy.

I mentioned to him that people were saying he was taking good care not to be hurt by always having the personal machine-gun guard with him and by speeding at forty miles an hour. This did not irritate him. It amused him. He said he was not going to accommodate his enemies by standing alone in the public square to be shot at. He traveled fast because he had much to do.

He smiled over the plight of the four hundred deposed army officers who had taken refuge in the Hotel National. His smile became a grin when he heard that they had neglected to lay in any bandages or medical supplies for their coming battle. "Poor fellows! No faithful sergeant was with them to look after this detail."

The officers said the clown would soon find that the soldiers would be disgusted with their equals masquerading as superiors and would rejoin their old chiefs.

Plots were forming! Plots? He sent for one political leader and told him that he knew he was conspiring and just how. A grand gesture sweeping the mane, a faint Chinese smile—and Batista told him he might go, as there was no reason to be afraid of him.

Mutiny? At Camp Columbia he strode up to a group who were reported in rebellious mood.

"Say it to me! Shoot me if you want to," he challenged them. "All right. If you're not going to shoot, don't forget you're mutineers. Do you want to bring the old gang back? They'll hang you along with Batista. Somebody been telling you that Batista's been getting stuck up, eh?" He burst into a sardonic rallying laugh as he playfully punched one and another in the chest.

He won them back. While they were having beer with him they asked him when he was going to allow his he-men to clean out those "women officers" in the Hotel National. Didn't the "women" look more foolish every day, Batista queried, hemmed in by sentries and machine guns? He let them have food but not arms.

"A chief of staff drinking beer with his men!" said the deposed officers. "That's the end of discipline."

Batista made it good propaganda.

"The women officers are saying that without them to keep us up to scratch," he told his men, "we'll become a slouchy mob with our shirt tails out. Snap into it! Show the old girls you know how to look and act like soldiers!"

They did. In guard mount, patrol, in all military forms the Cuban army was smarter than before the mutiny.

BUT the provinces would be another story. And wait!—plots were forming there. One seemed to be revealed when Juan Blas Hernandez, veteran insurrecto, took the field against Batista. Machado's pursuing soldiers had never been able to surround Blas and his band. Upon Machado's deposition the fabulous figure of Blas under his broad sombrero, followed by a few of his braves, appeared in Havana in all their glory.

Now the clowning stenographer Batista had to deal with a real fighter. The opposition factions took heart at the prospect of recruits flocking to Blas's standard, of a march on Havana. Batista sent troops; he sent airplanes; he was reported to be leading the attack on Blas himself. Rumor had it that Blas had won a battle.

Then Havana had another surprise. One morning the man whom Machado could not conquer was mounting the marble steps of the Presidential Palace. He was smiling, and Batista at his side was smiling—very much of a Chinese smile. The fierce Blas was very much *amigo*. He said there had been a little misunderstanding that had been cleared up. He was on the side of the government—and damn all its enemies, as he told President Grau San Martin in a meeting that was a love feast.

Batista had what he needed most for his prestige—a victory. He celebrated it by bringing out two barrels of beer for the returning troops in joyous gathering. Skeptics could no longer deny that he had not only Havana but the Grau government in the hollow of his hand. At any time he could march into the President's office with his personal guard and say: "It's my turn next."

Would he make himself military dictator? Old Cuban hands said he could not resist—no Cuban hero could. But Batista did. I heard him and Grau speak from the balcony of the palace. He got more applause than Grau. He was the better demagogue. They might hear this and that about Batista, he said, but only Batista knew, and he was telling them. He was loyal to the government.

Meanwhile there were the army officers still in siege in the hotel. His position stronger, Batista told them they could come out and report for duty or be stricken from the army lists as deserters.

COL. FREDERICK PALMER

is a world figure, dean of war correspondents. The first war he covered was the Greco-Turkish in 1897; he has missed no important one since. His distinguished service with the A. E. F. is well known, as are his books. He has repeatedly contributed outstanding articles to Liberty.

THE inevitable happened. Shots were exchanged. The battle was on. Batista's men attacked with the ferocity of hounds unleashed and with some unnecessary killing as they stormed into the lower floors. In the hour of victory Batista saw the colonels, majors, and captains whom he used to salute file out hands up. He put them in La Cabaña to be turned over to the civil authorities for trial.

But wait!—anarchy had only been delayed. Communism had had its part in making him.

Picture what had happened after the counter-revolution! Picture a manager in his office at a great sugar central! A demoniac roar approaches along the road. Leading the crowd of canefield workers is their committee, and with the committee a soldier or a squad of soldiers. Let the manager sign the agreement for shorter hours, treble the old pay, and comply with other syndicalist demands, or the mob would destroy millions of dollars' worth of machinery. He signed, hoping for a turn of events before the harvesting and grinding season began.

So committees, supported by soldiers, marched into business offices, stores, factories. There were strikes for still more pay after, by government order, the demands of the first strike had been granted, and strikes against paying rent, telephone, or light bills. Employers continued to yield to protect their property. They bided their time when the "impossible" government would fall.

Batista, continuing his education, had to show the steel hand under the velvet glove. His soldiers appeared less often with the strike committees. He fired into a mob. Sovietized students and the Red element among the workers were charging him with betraying their cause.

This encouraged the opposition factions. Juan Blas Hernandez slipped back into town. He waited vengefully for the zero hour as the ally of the young officers who had secretly formed a bloc of disaffected soldiers, the doughtiest of the ABCs' gunmen, and all the old hands and young hands at revolution.

Former officers and skilled tacticians in Cuban warfare had planned the early-morning surprise drive. In the first rush the insurgents took a portion of La Cabaña fortress and several police stations. The armed students fought on Batista's side. Only a few of his soldiers failed to be loyal. It was his day, win or lose.

Now he had his disloyal soldiers, all his enemies in a bloody show-down. The next morning Juan Blas Hernandez lay dead where he had fallen, penned in a fortress by machine-gun fire under shellfire. All the rest of the rebels were prisoners, if alive, or in hiding. It was time to open more beer, while the steel under the velvet glove tightened its grip to preserve order.

Havana was his, at any rate until the next revolt. Why should he try to be dictator, endangering recognition by the United States for the new government? But, power behind the throne, head of the Cuban army, or dead or deposed, Batista is an amazing devil-child.

THE END

Soup is just the thing!

There are so many times when soup is just the thing. So many times when nothing else tastes so good — attracts the appetite so instantly — delights with such irresistible flavor — invigorates and benefits you with such wholesome goodness. That is the great thing about soup — it's the food that is exactly right to meet your differing needs more often than any other one food you can have in the house. Every day has its time for soup. Every member of your family welcomes it eagerly. Have it on hand always!

Home late!
Soup is just the thing to chase that tired feeling and bring him up smiling.

Children's lunch!
Soup is just the thing — hot, wholesome, nourishing, digestible. And how they like it!

Unexpected friends!
Soup is just the thing for such an emergency — already cooked — delicious — hospitable.

When you entertain!
Soup is just the thing — always the correct choice among the 21 Campbell's Soups.

Good for his tummy!
Soup is just the thing to supply food he always enjoys, in readily digestible form.

Lunch already cooked!
Soup is just the thing — a delightful, sustaining midday meal — on the table in a jiffy.

For delicious, *assured* Quality
···for convenience···for economy

Campbells' Soup
IS JUST THE THING!

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

NRA
WE DO OUR PART

THE COLD FACTS ABOUT COLDS!

What a Cold is and What is Required for Relief

Clearing Up a Subject on Which Much Misinformation Has Been Promulgated!

EVERY YEAR colds take a heavy toll in health, time, and money. As a result of the prevalence of colds, much misinformation on the subject of colds has been spread about. There are so many "cures" for colds now that one wonders if there is anything good for anything else.

All kinds of self-appointed experts tell you what to do for a cold. Some tell you to soak your feet. Others tell you to fill your head with vapors. Still others tell you to wash your mouth and gargle. Still others advise chest rubs. Between them all you would be doing everything but painting yourself

The joke of it—or rather the tragedy of it—is that these measures for the most part are like trying to cure dandruff by clipping the hair. They just don't reach the seat of the trouble.

An Internal Infection That May End in Flu!

It is well to remember what a cold is. A cold is an infection produced within the system by a germ, a germ so small that it will pass through the finest filter and hence it is easily spread A cold, in other words, is an *internal infection* that may pave the way for other diseases, including flu

A cold, therefore, plainly calls for internal treatment

A cold also is something of a definite condition. Relief calls for certain definite effects. How, then, can a preparation that's good for half a dozen things besides colds be equally effective for colds? Yet medicines that are good for neuritis, toothaches, halitosis, dandruff, etc., seven months of the year suddenly blossom out as cold remedies during the winter months! If there is anything that common sense dictates, it is a *cold remedy* for a *cold.*

The Four Effects Called For

Obviously, to get rid of a cold you must kill the infection within the system and drive out the poisonous matter it has created.

That calls for a remedy that will do certain definite things.

The remedy called for is Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine because it does the four things necessary.

First, it opens the bowels, gently but thoroughly, the first step in expelling a cold.

Second, it combats the cold germs and fever in the system.

Third, it relieves the headache and grippy feeling.

Fourth, it tones the entire system and fortifies against further attack.

Safe to Take!

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine contains nothing harmful and is absolutely safe to take. For more than forty years it has been the standard cold and grippe tablet of the world, the formula always keeping pace with Modern Medicine.

Every drug store in America sells Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine, 30c and 50c. Good dealers won't try to talk you into something else for the sake of a few pennies more profit.

When a cold threatens, play the part of wisdom. Don't wait or waste time with makeshift methods, but get a package of Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine and start taking the tablets immediately. Taken in time they will usually expel a cold overnight and that's the action required for safety.

TO THE LADIES!

(Reading time: 3 minutes 56 seconds.)

THESE Boswell Sisters! They invited me to take tea with them the other day. "We learned to drink tea in England," said Martha Boswell. "So we're giving you coffee," said Connie.

Coffee it was. And I certainly enjoyed my *kaffeeklatsch* with the three New Orleans girls who have made such a name for themselves on the stage and radio. They are really sisters. They look alike, they are all extremely pretty, but otherwise they are as individual as can be. Connie saves dimes; she's the practical one. Martha goes for the moon—puts her faith in astrology. Helvetia, the youngest, acts like the eldest; she's the pensive one.

Connie it was who launched their career—took them into it with that almost magic will power that seems to reward certain victims of infantile paralysis. Connie Boswell has been unable to walk since she was five years old. Nevertheless she is the leader. When the three girls strive for anything, they clasp hands, cross fingers, and chant, "Kids, we will get it."

They travel around. They see things their own way. For example, you'd never guess why they admired Holland more than any other country they visited in Europe. They told me why.

"In Holland," they said, "you can see right through the houses. The Dutch people keep their windows so clean that you can see right through from the front yard to the back yard. We thought that was something."

I like the Boswell Sisters. I admire their singing, their wit, and their comradeship.

The Boswell Sisters

A WOMAN I know here in New York has been entertaining her young niece from California. I thought there was something queer going on when I saw the men whom this New York aunt had invited to meet her California niece. The girl is seventeen. The men were all too old for her. Most of them were over forty. Some were fattish, some desiccated; some were fussy and some were men of middle-aged severity. In every case they were much too mature for a seventeen-year-old maiden.

Surely, I thought, her aunt could have provided a few boys of her own age. I wondered what was the matter. Now I know. The girl has gone home to California, and her aunt has told me all about it. Here's what the aunt said:

"Out where she lives, the silly child has been *madly in love* for a year with a man forty years old. Her family tried their best to break it up, but you know how young girls are. To her it was *romance*. So when she came to visit me I decided to give her an overdose of middle-aged beaus. I surrounded her with them. They weren't hard to get. There are always plenty of antique Lochinvars who forget their rheumatism for a while when you show them a pretty girl. I think my strategy worked. I believe it cured her. The day she went home she said to me, 'Auntie, you are a devil. Now I know what *he* will be like in a few years.'"

How's that for feminine diplomacy?

COCKTAIL bibs are the latest supersophistication. They are supersilly, but what do we care so long as they're fashionable? A cocktail bib, dear reader, is a linen disk that fits over the bottom of your cocktail glass. It sops up the drops you may spill. Saves your afternoon gown from alcoholic damage. Just a plain linen disk with a slit in it. You poke the stem of the glass through the slit and there you are!

WHO had the last word that time, just before his wife threw the potted geranium at him? He did.

And who had the last word that other time, just before her husband kicked the breakfast nook to splinters? She did.

That's how it usually goes. Violence in the home is nearly always caused by our childish ambition to have the last word, although wives and husbands alike ought to know by this time that the last word provokes the first smack. Such being the circumstances, who is the winner? Does triumph attend the last word—or does victory belong to the early smacker?

PINK and midnight blue make up one of the most popular combinations of color for evening wear in Paris this winter. Blue skirt. Blouse top of pink.

For very formal gowns, honey-colored satin or taffeta is prime. Honey color is also the new favorite for Southern wear.

TO every one musically interested I recommend The Art of Enjoying Music, by Sigmund Spaeth. It's easy to read and tells a lot. (Published by Whittlesey House.)

By **PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN**

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion

She was talking to him in that half-languid way employed by countless young divorcees.

(Reading time: 27 min. 31 sec.)

THE first sign said, BAD HILL. The second, SHARP CURVE. The third, seeming to blossom from the highest tab of a pear cactus at the crumbly outer edge of the mesa, said, SLOW.

Tommy Pollard, rolling eastward on U. S. Highway 60, was glad to see them all. He eased off to thirty-five, skirted a jutting pinnacle of brick-red rock, and wheeled thankfully into the shadows of the descending road.

Intermittently as he streaked across the Arizona tableland Tommy had been dehydrated, dry-baked, and sand-blasted. He now lived only in anticipation of the long cool shower bath he would have in Phoenix, a hundred miles farther on.

Through a series of interminable ramps Tommy descended to the floor of a desert valley shaped like an enormous soup plate. His speedometer showed seventy as he started the straight ten-mile stretch across it. He was halfway to the next range of hills when he came within distant sight of a small coupé. It stood motionless on the west-bound lane. He could see no one near it at first. Then, at a hundred yards, a girl stepped into view. Tommy pulled up opposite the topheavy little car and got out.

"Anything a nonmechanic can do?" he asked the girl.

"I think I've done all those things." She had an enchanting smile. Tommy guessed her to be about twenty. "The funny thing is, it still goes, though very grudgingly. Get in and try it."

Tommy did. The lofty relic moved as if pulling a mountain.

"Bearings!" he diagnosed. "Had any lubrication lately?"

"Well—I was going to have some in Abilene, but I needed the money for a tourist cabin."

Tommy knelt and looked beneath the car, then measured its

Hollywood Bound

ILLUSTRATIONS BY D'ALTON VALENTINE

The Story of a Starlit Night, a Movie-Struck Beauty, and a Desert Adventure

By

SEYMOUR WINSLOW

oil. "You're stuck, all right," he announced. "Your crank case is dry. How do you suppose that drain plug got loose?"

"I can't imagine! I tightened it myself a week ago." Her hands and wrists were not those to put authority to a wrench.

"How far are you going?"

"Los Angeles. Got to be there tomorrow, too." She meant it.

The sky above the rim of the mesa had turned to faded apricot. The upward slope had become a slate-black wall. The scrubby growth of the desert was melting into the beige of the sand. To the south a star pricked through.

The girl glanced at Tommy's California registration plates. "You wouldn't be out on a mere errand, I suppose—turning around soon?"

"Not very soon. I'm on my way to New York, and with no more than just time to make it. Only thing for you to do," said Tommy, putting on his coat, "is to ride into Phœnix with me. Then tomorrow morning ride out again on the repair wagon."

"But that would put me back a whole day!"

"Well, you'll lose a day any way you work it."

"But I mustn't! I've got an appointment to keep."

"Better wire the bridegroom from Phœnix that you've been delayed. Put the ceremony over a day."

She laughed. "It's nothing like that. Much more important, really."

Tommy looked her over. It was the easiest thing he had done that day. She was unmistakably Eastern. In contrast to her car, the clothes she wore so well were new and of city smartness. She would be quite as much at home dining at the St. Regis Roof, he told himself, as breakfasting at Childs. She was a cosmopolite of Tommy's own world, and an unusually attractive one.

TOMMY POLLARD had lived in Hollywood for six years. In that time he had observed hundreds of young women bent on picture careers. He risked a guess:

"Would this date of yours be in Hollywood?"

Her quick look at him was a give-away.

"Well, since I'm unmasked—" She fished into her bag, drew out a letter, and read off a street number on Sunset Boulevard. "If I ever do reach Hollywood," she said, "how would I get to this place?"

Tommy recognized the address. It was that of a very prosperous enterprise. "At what fateful hour are you to take your screen test?" he asked. "And did you deal with Mr. Podkin or Mr. Bilznick?"

"It's like a second-sight act!" she granted him. "But since you ask, my letter is from Mr. Pod—"

"And are you absolutely guaranteed that your tests will be run off in the big P. & B. private projection room before a special gathering of Big Film Executives, Key Men in the Industry, and all of the most important directors?"

Gray twilight had become half darkness. Tommy switched on his cowl lights and reached for the letter. It was addressed to "Miss Dana Warne, Cliffight, Massachusetts." As he had known, it virtually promised that on her arrival in Hollywood with this letter in hand her screen career would begin.

Podkin and Bilznick ran as phony a school of acting as there was on the West Coast. Both had got rich snaring the savings of such girls as this Dana Warne. Deliberately Tommy tore the letter in two, then reduced it to scraps and let them flutter to the road.

"YOU had no right to do that!" flared Dana Warne. "I suppose now you're going to tell me the firm is a big fake and I never would have got a job out of it."

"It was on the tip of my tongue. How much did they take you for?"

"They didn't 'take me' for anything. But I paid ten good dollars as an appointment fee."

"Charge it off to experience," Tommy advised. That intelligent young people continued to fall for such palpable frauds was a constant amazement to him. Their intense wish to believe was the only thing that explained it. "You're lucky to have got out so cheap," he told her.

Dana Warne was furious. "All I thought was that they might be able to help a person make a few contacts. I'm not silly enough to believe all their come-on promises. And I'm going to see them anyway."

"Go right ahead. You'll disappoint those two snakes no end if you don't show up. They'll grieve."

"You've certainly been a great help," she said, going back to her car. "You send me on my way rejoicing."

She set two small bags on the road, and struggled into a tweed coat, twisting away from Tommy's proffered help. Then, picking up the bags, she started to walk in the general direction of California.

Tommy started his car, turned around, and headed west. He caught up and rolled along beside her.

"Now listen to sense," he urged. "You can't walk to Hollywood. You wouldn't even be off the desert before the sun got up again. Remember that sun? Remember how it feels? Climb in with me and ride to Phœnix."

"I won't go back an inch. I've worked much too hard to get this far."

"But, my dear young lady, this isn't your native Cape Cod. It's no place to take an all-night walk."

She kept her face straight ahead. "I suppose I'll be eaten up by catamounts, whatever they are."

"Listen. I don't expect to be believed, but I happen to be that old-fashioned boy you've heard about who treats every girl as if she were his own sister. That permits me to say bluntly that you're being a fool."

Out of the indefinite blackness ahead of them broke a wailing howl. It soared eerily into upper minors, then fell away into a series of yips and barks. It recalled to Tommy many a job on desert location. And he knew where this cry came from. Near the foot of the mesa lay

the carcass of a steer. As he had passed it an hour before, three or four black vultures had risen heavily and flapped away. Now the night shift of scavengers would be coming on.

At the first chilling sound Dana had halted. As the howl rose, she turned, ran back, and scrambled into Tommy's car.

"What was that?" she asked in a whisper.

"I should tell you it was a catamount, but it was only a coyote. Came right in there as if he were cued, though—didn't he? 'Howls of a wolf pack off stage!'"

Dana shivered. "I think I prefer a sound device to the real thing."

Tommy drove back to the useless coupé. "Don't get out," he said. "Just give me the keys and I'll lock up your car. Tomorrow morning, in Phœnix, get a man to run you out here with some oil, and you'll be off to Hollywood—since that seems to be the place you've got to be!"

"It's the place I'm going to be," said Dana. "And if I stay here I may get a lift west."

"And of course that would solve everything! Now look. I'll give you one minute by the dashboard clock to make up your mind."

Dana unlatched the door. "I don't need one minute. I know exactly what I—"

Footsteps sounded on the road behind them. Tommy glanced at the reflector. A man shuffled into the red glow from the tail-lights. A little satchel was slung over one shoulder. Tommy identified him as one of the army of itinerants that tramp the southwestern roads in the guise of peddlers. He was an unpleasant-looking specimen, with a head too large for his body. As he came opposite the car and caught sight of Dana, he made as if to stop. Then he saw Tommy, and continued on. He said nothing at all, but turned a pallid malevolent face to them until he was well past.

"Now where would that monstrosity be coming from—or going to?" Dana asked.

"Probably from flop to flop. You would have met him about halfway up the mesa on your walk west."

Dana leaned forward, intent on something far to the east. A west-bound car was zigzagging down into the soup plate.

"Here goes!" said Dana.

Before Tommy could help her she jumped to the road with her bags. She pulled a scarf from her coat pocket and began signaling.

At a thousand feet or so the motorist caught first glimpse of her. His answer came in a long warning bellow. He wasn't stopping. Dana gave one last frenzied wave and leaped aside. A heavy closed car swept past at touring speed, a miniature sandstorm sucked along in its wake. Its tail-lights dwindled. Dana wiped her eyes.

"There's a genial magnanimous fellow!"

"Can't blame people for passing up hitch-hikers at night."

TOMMY sat down on the running board of his car and continued: "Of course you don't realize it, but by refusing to ride along with me you are holding up an entire motion-picture production schedule.'

Dana sank down beside him and concentrated on the contours of his face. "You're not Will H. Hays. Because I've seen pictures of him."

"No. Nor Mickey Mouse. Yet I have my niche. My name is Tommy Pollard. Always has been. That makes me different from most of Hollywood. I leave Hollywood an assistant director, I arrive in New York a full director. And with a picture waiting to be done. Does it begin to make sense to you why I persist in pushing eastward?"

"*Does* it! I don't know why you've wasted a single minute around here."

"I do."

She stood up impatiently. "Oh, I've got to get there! I've got to get started!" She paced the road restlessly.

Tommy made a rapid calculation. It was seventy-five miles back to Blythe, California. It was the first town of any size to the west. But it would cost him more time to take her there than to spend the night where he was. She refused to come to Phœnix, and he couldn't leave her alone. The thing to do was to see her through till daylight. He could start eastward at sunrise and put in a five-hundred-mile day.

Dana came back to where he sat. "Here's what you do. Leave word at some Phœnix garage to pile out here first thing in the morning. I'll lock myself in my car and be perfectly all right."

"Lock yourself in if you want to," Tommy said. "But I'm staying right here."

"Let's have no silly chivalry about this." The relief in her voice contradicted her words.

"Chivalry is the last thing I intend. On the set, a director. Off the set, a menace."

He got up, located a flashlight, and rummaged out a vacuum bottle and two left-over lunch sandwiches. "Now then, the first step in being compromised is to take dinner alone with The Threat." He handed her into his car.

They ate hungrily in silence. The coffee was still hot. Tommy withheld enough of it to give them each a swallow in the morning. Tommy liked the rôle of provider to this girl. He enjoyed every bite she took. All at once, as he watched her, she stopped chewing. Something high up and far off caught her eye.

ABOVE the mountains to the northeast appeared two new stars, one red and one green. They brightened rapidly. A low humming swelled to the full song of the airways. A west-bound transcontinental plane, following a course as true as if it ran on rails, quartered the sky to the north of them.

From the instant it came in sight until it vanished over the mesa Dana followed its flight longingly. In her intentness, her reaching after it, she seemed to Tommy the very personification of all human striving.

He wished, suddenly, that he could assure her of success in Hollywood. Never before had he wanted to tell anything but the bleak truth to picture-struck hopefuls. And he had made a point of doing so. He had no reason to suppose this girl had any talent whatever.

But even girls without talent are entitled to their sleep. Tommy stepped to the road and closed the car door behind him. "Time to turn in," he said. "You must be dead!"

His purpose in getting out dawned on her. "Wait a minute now! None of this self-sacrifice. You sleep here. I've long since learned how to coil myself comfortably around the steering post of a flivver. Besides, my whole dressing table's over there."

"I don't normally go for boudoirs," Tommy said, "but in this case—"

"Perhaps," Dana interrupted him, "neither of us will have to sleep here. There's another car coming."

Dana waited, scarf in hand. As soon as its lights touched her, the car slowed, then stopped. A man traveling alone leaned out and, talking from behind a cigar, said familiarly:

"Hello there, sister! Want a lift?"

She had thought she wanted one a moment before. But this was different. "Are you going west?" she stalled.

"Well, how does it look to you? But then again I've been known to turn around to help out agreeable young ladies. Where you bound?"

"California," Dana responded through habit.

"Tumble in," said the motorist. "You look like good company. I don't know but what I could be persuaded to take you all the way to L. A."

Dana looked to Tommy for a way out. The man, following her glance, stared at him inquisitively and twisted around to take in both cars.

"I don't quite get this," he said. "But if you're going my way, make it snappy."

Dana dissembled. "What I stopped you for was to ask if you wouldn't send back a man from the first garage you come to. With some oil. Do you mind?"

The man released his brake. "Say, listen, baby—all I got to do is to stop at garages and leave messages!" He started ahead. "What I'll do," he called back, "is to stop and tell your mama you're spending the night out. Then you'll catch it!" He leaned out to add: "Or maybe she's used to it by now." The car receded into the blackness.

"Ah, the great-hearted West!" said Dana. "Famed in song and story."

"Don't let yourself become embittered," Tommy advised.

"You aren't going to tell me that there's some good in every one?"

"Certainly not. I know better."

The night had grown cold. Tommy shook out his motor robe and put it on the seat of Dana's car. Then, with Dana guiding the coupé, he bunted it off the road on to the crusted sand. He parked his car parallel to hers and a dozen feet away.

"The management," he called across to her, "hopes you'll be comfortable at Killkare Kabin Kamp. Hot and cold running water conveniently located a hundred miles to the east."

"Look here! Has the management given me the only blanket on the place?" demanded Dana.

"The management doesn't need it himself. He is warmed by inner fires." He added: "Just sleep over that, Dana."

She considered it. "Now I shall do nothing but toss and turn," she said at length. "Night, Tommy."

Tommy said good night. He had thought he was sleepy. Now his eyes wouldn't close. The awful silence of the desert roared in his ears. He longed for the comparative lullaby of trolley cars and traffic. A cricket would have been welcome. Deafened at last by the stillness, he dozed off.

The letter virtually promised that on her arrival her career would begin.

ALMOST at once he was jerked awake by Dana's voice coming in a stage whisper across their corridor:

"What's all that scurrying around on the ground?"

"Kangaroo rats probably."

"How high can they jump?"

"You wouldn't like knowing. But they don't want anything with you. Address yourself to slumber."

"Easy to say!"

Tommy didn't hear her. Nor did he hear her five minutes later insisting that a yucca stalk out in front of them was a man standing there watching them. So Dana said nothing an hour later when an owl perched on the roof of her car and wailed like a sick child. She merely covered her head with Tommy's robe and died a thousand deaths.

He woke to find Dana shaking him back and forth by the arm. It was still dark. His clock showed half past three. His neck was stiff. His joints ached. One leg was numb with sleep.

"I'm terribly sorry, Tommy. This is cruel, and I know it. But I had to. I've been thinking and thinking, and I've got to know."

Tommy rubbed his neck. "What, in heaven's name, have you got to know at this hour in the morning?"

"Whether there's any chance for me out there. Or if I'm simply wasting my time going. You know how things seem at night—how a person gets to thinking he's all wrong? In the daytime," she continued, "I know I'm as good as a lot of those picture people. But at night—"

"If it's looks you're worrying about," said Tommy, "go peacefully back to bed."

"It's not looks," said Dana. "I know how I look. It's acting. Handling a part. Making it convincing."

"That's different," Tommy allowed.

"Very. Now, maybe I'm all wrong in going to Hollywood. A lot of people have been. I'd hate to go there and flop. What I've got to have is a test. Sort of a one. Right here."

"You mean now? At three thirty A. M. in the middle of Arizona?"

"And no place else. You'll at least be able to tell me whether or not I'm perfectly terrible."

Tommy was dazed. "Where you going to do this act?"

She reached over and switched on his brights. A patch of desert leaped into detailed reality.

"There's the stage," said Dana. "And here you are in an aisle seat. Now I'm going to do a scene from a thing we put on at the Clifflight Little Theater. I took the part of a young divorcee, and this scene is where she's talking

to her friend's husband trying to find out if his wife is untrue to him."

"Would your title be Banked Fires or From This Day Forth?"

"Neither one. Crescendo!"

"Well, I never expected to see the old piece go musical."

"And you've got to be serious. This is about as important to me as anything could be."

It was, Tommy perceived. "Start acting!" He cleared his eyes of sleep.

Dana made her way to a Joshua tree fifteen feet in front of the car. In the shadow of its semaphore limbs she composed her face for the test. "Remember," she called to Tommy. "A great deal hinges on this!"

Tommy felt a surge of tenderness toward this girl with her nighttime doubts. His impulse was to go to her, to take her in his arms, to tell her that it didn't matter whether she could act or not—tell her that she was a darling, that all the success Hollywood had to give wasn't worth what she was expending for it. She was infinitely appealing as she stood in the makeshift wings of a shivery makeshift theater, getting ready to walk on and play a scene for him in the burning hope that he would advise her to do what she wanted to do.

Dana tipped forward her little hat, smoothed down her skirt, and strolled, a gay young divorcee, into the glare of the headlights. She was looking up provocatively into the face of an imaginary man beside her. She was talking to him in that unvarying half-languid way employed by countless young divorcees of countless Little Theaters.

Tommy tried his best to view the thing as she wanted him to view it. He could, he supposed, see her as the woman she was trying to play. She was neither good nor bad. But she had no slightest notion of what constituted acting for the camera.

Presently he no longer saw Dana Warne playing a threadbare scene in summer-stock manner. He saw the greater drama—the ceaseless courageous struggle of all humanity, all life, against next to hopeless odds. The small space of lighted desert sand between a Joshua tree and a clump of Spanish bayonet was the whole world. And Dana was mankind incarnate—determined, ambitious, pathetic, unconquerable!

Tommy couldn't look at her any more. He turned and stared through the black side window. The next he knew Dana was back at the car, standing there, waiting for him to say something. He sought just the right words.

"WELL," she prodded him. "Making all allowances now—how was it? Tell the truth."

Tommy tried to evade: "Just what do you want to know?"

"Whether I've got any kind of a chance, of course! Now don't hedge."

Tommy hedged the best he could. "Worse actors land in Hollywood every day. Some of 'em click. Most of 'em don't ever make cigarette money. And I'll tell you why. It's because they're set. They won't learn. Not that they can't learn—just that they won't."

"I can learn," Dana broke in eagerly. "I can change entirely."

"You'd have to—a lot. The technique of the Clifflight Little Theater is as far from the technique of Hollywood as the two places are apart. You wanted the truth."

She got wearily to the seat beside him. "Isn't it funny," she said in an effort to be casual, "how cold it can get at night in these hot places?"

Tommy had an idea. "Now," he said, "we're going to try something. Sit still." He went to the rear of the car and from a pigskin bag took an outsize printed pamphlet. On its cover was the title Five Points, and below was his name and that of the producing company. It was the printed script of the picture he was going East to direct.

"All right," he said, coming back to Dana. "You say you can learn. Here goes Test Number Two. There's a bit in this piece we'll try you out on." He flipped over the pages.

"Here's the story," he went on. "New York in the nineties. Chatham Square and Fifth Avenue—the Fifth Avenue of the Four Hundred. The plot, in case you haven't guessed it, is this. The father of the society girl—no, that's not you—owns a lot of property down around Five Points. I hardly need say that it's being used for the lousiest possible purposes—whatever your imagination suggests. The big pull comes when the girl discovers the origin of the money with which she buys all her pretty balloon sleeves, bronze boots, and so forth. Get it?"

Dana nodded, her fascinated eyes on the script.

"THAT brings us to the classy young blood who is pressing honorable marriage. The date's all set, when up pops the fallen woman who's been dragged down and down in one of the joints on daddy's property and, need I say, whose original seducer was none other than—well, we don't need to go into that. Here's the bit. She's a pin-fitter in the dressmaking place where young Beautiful is getting her trousseau. This wage slave undertakes to give our débutante some information for her own good, and gets plenty snubbed for it. Naturally the soiled dove that I mentioned is the sister of this humble clock-puncher. You're still with me?"

"I'm going to stay for the second show," said Dana.

"Fine. It goes on right now. Stay where you are. You don't need to cue me. I know this thing in four languages. And I tank I act now."

Tommy took his place beyond the Joshua tree.

Dana dimmed the lights, then brightened them. "The foots are up," she said.

Tommy stepped on stage. In some incredible way during that instant's pause behind the spiny tree a broad-shouldered husky young man in roughish tweeds, his chin bristling with the beard of a new day, had become, in effect, a downtrodden meticulous pin-fitter of the nineties. Dana knew she was seeing skilled intelligent work.

Tommy got to his knees in the sand. With the very hands of a dressmaker he fingered the visionary folds of a dress on a woman who almost seemed to be there. He draped, he measured, he shook out the train of a wedding gown. Dana could almost see the glinting rows of pins across his chest when he reached for them one by one to fasten tucks and pleats. When he spoke, though the voice was that of a man, the feeling was that of a working-girl impelled to venture upon a personal talk with an important customer.

Watching him, Dana had her first full realization of the difference in tempo between stage and screen work. The scene ended. Tommy made his exit beyond the clump of Spanish bayonet.

"Now," he said from the door, "we'll give you a test as is a test. Got that part learned?"

She hadn't. Tommy gave her five minutes. He went to the road, lit a cigarette, and walked back and forth. She tooted the horn at the end of four minutes to call him back.

Before he was fairly seated she was making her entrance. Tommy held his breath. He hoped she'd do it. He was pulling for her. After a moment he exhaled slowly. She *was* doing it. She was giving him an almost exact imitation of himself. There was not a trace of the Clifflight Little Theater in intonation, gesture, or timing. Before she was half through he knew she could find work in Hollywood—perhaps even become a big success. She could do it because she was able to learn and learn fast. She was malleable. She could be directed.

This time he didn't wait for her to ask. "You win," he said. "Go West, young gal!"

"You mean I might do?"

"Better than that. You're directable. Too many aren't."

A ONE-WORD PUZZLE

By F. Gregory Hartswick

Here's an interesting little problem involving letters. Take the letters

O R E D W N O

and make one word out of them.

When you have succeeded in doing this, try making one word out of the letters

A B E N O T Y

This last problem is said to have stumped Queen Victoria when it was given to her. In any case, not many people solve it. Still, perhaps you're one of the clever ones.

(The answer will be found on page 38.)

A doubt came to Dana. "Or perhaps you're especially easy to follow?"

"I've got no such reputation." It came to him as he spoke how particularly well she had followed him. It would be a satisfaction to direct her. "Look here," he suggested. "It happens that none of the secondary parts are cast yet. I can't promise you anything afterward, but I'd like to try you in that bit."

Dana weighed things. He was offering her a possible start—a tiny one. But it would take her three thousand miles from Hollywood. And she had fought so hard to get there! And he had said she had better than a chance there. New York? Hollywood? It was like being pulled apart.

Dana felt, all at once, very tired. Her weeks of driving, her sleepless nights, rolled up a sudden score on her. The thing she wanted most to do, it seemed, was sit close to Tommy Pollard, rest her head against his shoulder, feel his arm around her, and sleep for hours on end. Out of her confusion one thing came clear. She wanted an answer to a question.

"If you'll tell me one thing," she said, "it will help me to decide. Are you going back to Hollywood?"

Tommy nodded. "Six months—eight months."

"You'll think I'm pretty thankless, but I've planned so long to go there and wanted to so much—"

"Say no more," said Tommy. "It's the national temptation."

He got out personal cards and started scribbling. "These," he said, handing them to her one by one, "will get you into a place or two. They're friends of mine. They'll do something for you."

Dana didn't know how to thank him. She sat helplessly as the cards collected in her hands. She recognized important names on some of them. But now the definite prospect of meeting these men gave her a surprisingly small thrill. The feeling kept coming back to her that she would be utterly alone in Hollywood for six or eight months. She couldn't dispel the idea that she and Tommy should be traveling together in the same direction. But that was silly nonsense!

Tommy measured out the last of the coffee into two cups. Watching his hands as they served her, Dana saw them again as he had used them to give her, so generously, a lesson in acting, to write cards of introduction for her. They were nice hands. Tommy was nice. What made her sure she knew him so well? She'd start missing him the minute he was gone.

The sky grayed, then paled to clear color. A road runner, up with the dawn, raced into sight and out again. A dingy yellow earth became one of tarnished gold. The sun, squinting across the eastern range of hills, tipped the mesa with red fire.

"The spit has turned," Tommy observed. "Now the Western Hemisphere gets seared again."

Dana sighed. "I hate to think of leaving our little yard, our theater, that tree with its arms up."

As she still spoke both heard the sound of an approaching car. Coming from the west, a small speed truck pulled up. It displayed the words, "Joe & Doc, Trouble Shooters, U. S. Highway 60, Blythe, California." Either Joe or Doc scrambled down, grinning.

"Fellow told us there was a job out here. Fellow last night." The trouble shooter made for Dana's car.

"The gabby boy with the cigar!" said Tommy. "He probably had a good bringing up, after all."

The tall coupé was eased back to the road. The man made short work of fixing it. Tommy backed to the pavement and parked heading east.

"How far do you aim to drive her?" the repairman asked Dana.

"Hollywood."

"That'll be about enough. Better push her into a cañon when you get there."

The truck drove on in search of more trouble. Tommy and Dana stood in the road, neither knowing what to say.

"Well—"

"Well—"

"I—"

"I—"

They laughed. Both felt that words were no good.

Tommy didn't try to resist the impulse this time. He took Dana in his arms and kissed her.

"That says what I mean," said Tommy.

As if not trusting herself to delay, Dana went to her car and got in. She tried to say something about how good he had been, but couldn't manage it. Starting up, she waved good-by.

Tommy set his gears determinedly. He'd make New York in five days—four days. He'd get that picture done in a month. Then he would fly—not drive—to California. As he veered into the east-bound lane he glanced in the reflector. Dana's car had left the road and was lurching off across the sand.

As he watched, it halted. The car was down on one side, as if in a hole. Dana stood beside it, rocking it—rocking it over! Next, the sound of her horn summoned him back.

Tommy turned and sped westward. Dana had junked her car. She didn't want to go on to Hollywood alone. She wanted to go with him to New York!

Ten miles west of Phœnix, three highway signs gave three successive warnings to motorists.

The first said, KEEP TO THE RIGHT. The second, SLIPPERY WHEN WET. The third, SOFT SHOULDERS.

This last brought a suggestion to Tommy. He put an arm about Dana.

"About this word love," he said earnestly. "It's ridiculously weak. I'm finding it useless."

"It doesn't say anything, really," said Dana.

Tommy started on. "Now keep sharp watch for a courthouse!"

THE END

Next Week—

I FLEW LAWRENCE IN WAR-CRAZED ARABIA

By

Captain John H. Norton

as told to J. B. L. Lawrence

An air fighter's own story of desert thrills in the "Big Parade's" strangest adventure in blood, danger and death

---

Other stories and articles by Adela Rogers St. Johns, Jerome Barry, F. H. LaGuardia, Helen Augur, and others

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is a sophism?

2—What does the Latin symbol "au" signify?

3—What is a hinny?

4—What was Utopia?

5—The Island Empire is the name given what country?

6—Where is the Yalu River?

7—What is a xebec?

8—What is the average weight of the brain of a man?

9—Does any state in the United States inflict the death penalty by means of an anæsthetic?

10—What was the largest amount ever taken in as gate receipts at a prize fight?

11—Which President of the United States had Tippecanoe as a nickname?

12—When were women given the right to vote in the United States?

13—What is the name of the Englishman who invented the spinning frame?

14—In what country and when was the Coptic Church established?

15—What is Devanagari?

16—Where did Columbus rule as governor and his son after him?

17—What is the capital of Switzerland?

18—The word *cadette* means what?

19—What two English writers used the pen name of Isaac Bickerstaff?

20—Who was Alaric?

(Answers will be found on page 58)

GAMBOLER, GA

New Roles for Mr. Cantor ar
Also a Marital Far

By BEVERL

(Reading time: 7 minutes 9 seconds.)

1 star means fairly good. 3 stars, excellent.
2 stars, good. 4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★½ ROMAN SCANDALS

THE PLAYERS: Eddie Cantor, Ruth Etting, Gloria Stuart, David Manners, Veree Teasdale, Edward Arnold, Alan Mowbray, Grace Poggi, Charles C. Wilson, Harry Holman, Willard Robertson, Lee Kohlmar. Directed by Frank Tuttle.

EDDIE CANTOR started his career as a Hester Street ragamuffin who used to pick up dimes from passers-by for dancing on the pavement. When he finally worked into the big money as a singing waiter in a Coney Island beer garden, he felt well satisfied with life. Part of that frightened astonishment which is now reflected in the habitual expression of his face must come from his realization of what the future sometimes holds for waifs and singing waiters.

Cantor makes one picture a year. It seldom costs less than $1,000,000. It entails airplane trips from Palm Beach to New York and from New York to Hollywood. In depression times no more than half a dozen writers are employed to write his stories, exclusive of lyricists, extra gag men, and Eddie himself, who spent most of last spring sitting on the chenille carpeting of Sam Goldwyn's New York office working over scenes that Robert E. Sherwood and George S. Kaufman had written the day before.

When the studio carpenters have run up an acceptable substitute for imperial Rome, the preparations are fairly complete and it is considered permissible for Cantor to start being funny in front of a camera.

Roman Scandals, according to report, cost Sam Goldwyn about $1,000,000. What he got for his money can be roughly itemized as follows: A story in which Cantor appears first as a dreamy grocer's boy in the lively American town of West Rome, then as food taster to the Roman Emperor Valerius; four songs, three of them sung by Cantor and one by Ruth Etting, any of which are likely to be hits; two dance sequences that are elaborate even for Busby Berkeley; innumerable Goldwyn Girls of assorted colors, appropriately dressed for slave markets, palaces, and Roman baths; and finally a chariot race in which Cantor, who finds the job of food taster disagreeable because the Empress Agrippa seasons most of her husband's food with arsenic, is successfully pursued by the Roman army.

All this adds up to a handsome, funny, and spectacular sequel to Whoopee and The Kid from Spain. Whether this is because of the war-debt financing that preceded it or merely because Cantor's sad, popeyed little face, always glittering with ridiculous alarm, is as funny now as it was when he was plugging songs in Coney Island, does not make much difference. Funniest shot: Cantor at a banquet trying to decide which of two broiled nightingales to eat when he knows one is poisoned.

Alan Mowbray, Eddie Cantor, and Edward Arnold in a scene from Roman Scandals, Cantor's latest riot.

The card sharper and his sweetheart—Ricardo Cortez and Kay Francis in The House on 56th Street.

★★½ THE HOUSE ON 56th STREET

THE PLAYERS: Kay Francis, Ricardo Cortez, Gene Raymond, Margaret Lindsay, John Halliday, Frank McHugh, Sheila Terry, Henry O'Neill, William Boyd, Theodore Newton, Hardie Albright, Philip Faversham, Helen Barclay, and others. Directed by Robert Florey.

Returning as a lady black-jack dealer to a house built for her as a bride twenty years before, Peggy Martin (Kay Francis) finds herself one night playing against her grown daughter (Margaret Lindsay). The daughter loses and shoots Peggy's partner to avoid paying her losses. Peggy is faced with the necessity for making a quick decision: whether to take the legal punishment for the murder, or stay on in the house on 56th Street with the racketeer who runs it.

This is an interesting and compelling situation, only weakened by the fact that you can see it on the horizon of the first reel of the picture. Before The House on 56th Street arrives at its climax, you have been taken through all the episodes which are customarily included in the biographies of chorus girls in the movies. Peggy has discarded a lover (John Halliday) to marry a young man of fashion (Gene Raymond), gone to jail for manslaughter due to her carelessness in being present when the lover shoots himself, and become the accomplice and companion of a light-hearted card sharp (Ricardo Cortez) after her release. Somehow you are unable to share her surprise when, getting out of a taxi with the card sharp, she recognizes the front door behind which long before she had expected to spend her life. By this time you are ready to believe that Peggy Martin's talent for

MBLER, GAMINE

e Misses Francis and Bow; Lionel Barrymore

ILLS

Should Ladies Behave? derives much of its punch from Lionel Barrymore. With him is Mary Carlisle.

finding herself in painfully ironic situations is as much a part of character as her aptitude for cards. This flaw should not spoil your enjoyment of a picture which is otherwise well written, well acted, and competently directed.

★★½ SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE?

THE PLAYERS: Lionel Barrymore, Alice Brady, Conway Tearle, Katharine Alexander, Mary Carlisle, William Janney, Halliwell Hobbes. Directed by Harry Beaumont.

The spectacle of Lionel Barrymore — an impatient shrewd old gentleman disgusted with the behavior of his family and puzzled by how to encourage his daughter's most satisfactory suitor—sitting at the kitchen table in his country house and gnawing scornfully on cold duck is one of the high points of this picture. Another is the spectacle of Alice Brady thinking that she is being asked to elope by a man who is really trying to explain to her that he loves her daughter. What surrounds such climaxes is a fairly amusing story about a week-end at a Connecticut house during which the three women present —the hostess, her sister, and her daughter—make varyingly direct advances to a middle-aged artist who annoys the hostess's husband and alarms her daughter's fiancé. The situations in Should Ladies Behave?—adapted from the stage play The Vinegar Tree—are mostly the usual ones of matrimonial farce, but they are so skillfully put together and acted that you may not find them too easily recognizable. It contains also the best comic servant of the season—an indignant butler (Halliwell Hobbes) who cannot keep his stockings up.

★½ HOOPLA

THE PLAYERS: Clara Bow, Preston Foster, Richard Cromwell, Minna Gombel, Herbert Mundin, Robert Imhof, Florence Roberts. Directed by Frank Lloyd.

This is the old one about the carnival dancer who falls for the carnival manager's son, to her own surprise and the manager's disgust. Adapted from Kenyon Nicholson's play The Barker, which was made into a silent picture several years ago, it was manufactured at considerable expense for the purpose of rebuilding Clara Bow's popularity by presenting her as a juvenile Mae West.

It is a curious fact that a picture like Little Women, concerned mainly with nursery disturbances in the lace-petticoat era, can be completely up to date, whereas one like Hoopla, in which even the current World's Fair is dragged in as the background for a happy ending, has all the modernity and sparkle of a daguerreotype of grandfather's wedding. The reasons behind this paradox are not as obscure as they might be. Presumably as a reward for having made Cavalcade and Berkeley Square, Fox assigned Frank Lloyd to direct Hoopla. Lloyd, who found it simple enough to make an audience grow deeply interested in the calm antics of a pack of apparitions in Berkeley Square, completely fails to make a country carnival and its inhabitants believable, let alone exciting. Clara Bow gives a raucous, likable performance, which is the only thing that causes Hoopla to rate any consideration at all. Even this does not prevent the audience from laughing at such sequences as an argument between Chris (Richard Cromwell) and his father (Preston Foster) on the subject of whether or not Lou, the cooch dancer, is a Good Girl.

Credit Where Credit Is Due

Correction: In a review of College Coach, in the December 2 issue of Liberty, authorship of the picture was assigned to Niven Busch, without mention of Manuel Seff, who deserves full credit as co-author.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Little Women, The Bowery, The Private Life of Henry VIII, Bitter Sweet, The Power and the Glory, Berkeley Square, F. P. 1, Lady for a Day, Bed of Roses, Dinner at Eight, Noah's Ark.

★★★—Counsellor-at-Law, Dancing Lady, Eskimo, Design for Living, The Invisible Man, Only Yesterday, The Prize-fighter and the Lady, Duck Soup, Cradle Song, Man's Castle, College Coach, Blonde Bombshell, The Way to Love, I'm No Angel, Take a Chance, Tillie and Gus, Ann Vickers, Footlight Parade, The Solitaire Man, S O S Iceberg, Wild Boys of the Road, The Emperor Jones, Too Much Harmony, My Weakness, I Loved a Woman, Torch Singer, Bureau of Missing Persons, Turn Back the Clock, One Man's Journey, Night Flight, Broadway to Hollywood, Paddy the Next Best Thing, Morning Glory, The Man Who Dared, Another Language, Double Harness, The Stranger's Return, Pilgrimage, Goodbye Again, I Loved You Wednesday, Voltaire.

Clara Bow's latest rôle is that of a carnival dancer in Hoopla. Shown with her is Richard Cromwell.

Studebaker

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This 1934 Studebaker was purposely pushed over a 200-foot cliff. When it hit bottom, the fenders were crumpled and the hood had come loose. But otherwise the steel-over-steel body was unharmed. Doors opened and closed perfectly. Car started at switch of key and was driven away.

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A Vivid Novel of Dangerous Days and the Heart of a Girl You'll Love

(Reading time: 26 minutes 29 seconds.)

NICK KILEY, with Dale Cameron and Chris Blake, his employees, opens a roller-skating rink in Karnak, a Southern city. Carey Marshal, a young attorney, handles business arrangements for Kiley, and he is much taken with Dale Cameron, the professional skater.

At a gala performance at the rink, Fred Baxter, brother of Hamp Baxter, local political boss, brings a gang of tough friends who break up the party. Kiley and Blake put them out. Later, while Blake is away, the Baxter gang comes to the rink and breaks in with threats of killing Nick. After warning them, Kiley shoots in self-defense and Fred Baxter falls dead. Kiley escapes in his truck, and Chris Blake is arrested for the murder, the Baxter gang swearing he was there, although actually he was walking in Four Holes Swamp.

Dale Cameron pleads with Carey Marshal to defend Chris in court, and the young man agrees to do so.

Hamp Baxter, wild with rage at his brother's killing, is determined to hang Chris and refuses to admit that he may be innocent. He visits old Major Marshal and threatens dire disaster if he allows Carey to continue as Chris Blake's attorney. Dale Cameron hears next day that something terrible has happened, and she goes to Carey Marshal's office to find out what it is.

Part Four—Trouble Looms

CAREY'S expression softened, for he sensed that the girl was taut to the breaking point.

He was very quiet. "Who told you about it, Dale?"

"Nobody." She threw her arms wide, then brought her hands together again quickly, impulsively. "Can't you understand? I seem to be the only person in Karnak who doesn't know." She came one step closer. "It isn't Chris, is it?"

"No."

"Tell me then. Please. I couldn't ask Miss Eva. Miss Mathilda is in Pineville. There's nobody else."

He seated himself on the edge of the desk, one long leg swinging slowly back and forth.

"It's a rotten mess all round." He didn't evade the issue. "The lid has blown off Karnak; not just the town, but the whole county."

"Yes?"

"You know something of the situation here, Dale: Two great families of what some folks call white trash—in

Transient Lady

"Hamp almost killed Lee. He is twice Lee's size and tremendously powerful. When it was over, they took Lee to the hospital."

Illustrations by STOCKTON MULFORD

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

Kentucky they'd be called clans—the Crawfords and the Baxters."

"I know."

"They are traditional enemies. Every so often something happens to inflame them against each other. For the past ten years Hamp Baxter has kept them at peace with each other. They've never really been friendly, but for ten years there has been no open rupture—until this morning."

"What do you mean," asked Dale—"'until this morning'?"

"This morning," explained Carey gravely, "hell broke loose."

She waited for him to continue.

"Lee Crawford is the leader of that family," he said. "He's about fifty-five years of age, and a real nice chap—easy-going, lazy, friendly. About two years ago his boy got into a lot of trouble—not here, but in Beverly County, where Hamp couldn't be of much help. Dad got the kid out of it, and Lee Crawford has been mighty grateful ever since.

"Three days ago, when Hamp Baxter started making threats against dad—"

"And against you."

"—Lee commenced to worry. He feels about Chris just what everybody else feels. Chris is a stranger, and nobody cares particularly what happens to him. But when Hamp started making personal threats against dad, that was different. This morning Lee went to Hamp's office, peacefully, as a friend. Nobody ever will know exactly what happened, but as nearly as I can get it, Lee tried to argue with Hamp. Said he was making a mistake to be so bitter.

"At first Hamp took it pretty well. But then, as I understand it, Lee Crawford's tactlessness ruined things. Hamp's stenographer, who knows my stenographer, said that Lee reminded Hamp that, after all, Fred Baxter was pretty worthless.

"Hamp worshiped Fred. Maybe we don't understand that—but he did. And he lost control of himself."

"He attacked Crawford?"

"Hamp almost killed Lee. He is twice Lee's size, and tremendously powerful. When it was over, they took Lee to the hospital. He's a mass of bruises; not critically injured physically, but fearfully injured in pride. And that"—Carey waved his pipe—"is that."

"Is what?" inquired Dale. "I know I sound stupid, but I don't understand yet."

"The clans have split. Lee Crawford has dynamite in his blood. The Crawford pride has been trod upon. There's certain to be trouble." He smiled thinly. "The last time there was—eleven years ago—seven men were killed. Right now Crawfords and Baxters, and all their cousins, are cleaning their guns. The thing will smolder for a while, and then—well, it can't smolder forever."

Dale had backed away from the young man. She was staring with horrified eyes. "There's no way to stop it?"

He shook his head. "None."

SHE pressed her fingers against her lips. "And we started it! Oh, it's horrible! Three inoffensive people come to a little town, and what has happened? One man has been killed. Nick Kiley is a fugitive. Chris is in jail, almost certainly doomed—whether by legal means or lynching. Your father—in ill health—must abandon his pet ambition or face a nasty political race. You are in danger. And now a whole county is arming itself. And none of that would have happened if we hadn't come here. You don't know how that makes me feel, Mr. Marshal. You *can't* know! I'm sorry you are in it. I'm sorry that I pulled you in by appealing to your sense of chivalry. I'm sorry for—" A mist came over her eyes and she turned away quickly.

He looked down at her, forgetting for a moment his own trepidation. She had come in the costume worn to the tea room that morning: plain black dress with soft sheer white collar and cuffs. And the severity of the

dress emphasized the deep violet of her eyes and the delicate curves of her exquisite young body. During that interval Carey became acutely conscious of her as a woman—as a girl, young, beautiful, alone, helpless, trembling.

Strain had piled on strain; drama on drama; emotional climax on emotional climax; and Dale was approaching the breaking point. She was standing very close to Carey now, tiny and afraid—and then—

It was an inconsequential thing in itself, a commonplace and queerly fortuitous happening.

A farmer drove up West Street past the McDonald Block in an ancient rattletrap flivver. It was a decrepit vehicle and its tires were worn to shreds.

The left rear tire blew out. It blew out with a sharp, resounding noise, like the bark of a revolver.

The explosion communicated itself to Dale Cameron's jangled nerves. She was not conscious of the choked cry which forced itself through her lips, nor of her instinctive gesture toward the tall young man beside her.

She only knew that his arms were about her and that for one ineffable moment she was no longer afraid.

SHE only knew that his arms were about her and that for one ineffable moment she was no longer afraid; that her heart was fluttering against him, and that his arms were strong and comforting.

He held her tight—for one second, and two and three and four.

And when he would have released her—when he should have released her—his arms suddenly crushed her more tightly, until she breathed with difficulty.

For just an instant he held her so. Then he released her suddenly and stepped away.

She looked up at him from under her long curling lashes. And in that revealing moment Chris Blake was forgotten, and so were Fred Baxter and the Crawfords and the fury which was tearing the town apart.

His face was white and he spoke with difficulty.

"I—I'm sorry, Dale," he said; "terribly sorry."

She got away from Carey's office somehow, though she remembered nothing about it. Her whole body seemed aflame and freshly alive.

She was happy and at the same time a trifle ashamed of the feeling which had come over her in the shelter of his arms.

He had held her tight. Back again at the tea room, she looked through the window and remembered that. Hours passed before she felt normal again, and then—quite suddenly—she became conscious of the barred windows of the jail, and she saw the jailer—

Lewis Neff, the jailer, was nervous. He tilted his cane-bottomed chair back against the whitewashed wall of the main corridor and tried to read, but the effort was too great.

Then he puckered his thin lips and attempted to whistle. The resulting noise was saddening, even to so partial a person as Mr. Neff himself. Finally he planted his overlarge feet firmly on the stone flooring of the corridor and walked toward the barred door which separated him from Chris Blake.

"What the hell are you walkin' up and down for?" he inquired irritably. "You ain't goin' nowhere."

The boy turned. "What's it to you?" he inquired.

"Plenty. You make me nervous."

Chris laughed harshly. "Sorry. But don't forget I ain't feeling so good myself."

Mr. Neff was not very sympathetic. He said, "You got good cause not to be."

"That so?"

"Yeah—that's so. You're in a hell of a mess."

Chris's face—older by years than it had been ten days before—became stern. The fine muscles under his white shirt grew taut, then relaxed. He forced himself to smile. "I'll sit still," he promised. "I wouldn't have you get nervous for the world."

Lew grunted and returned to his post at the other end of the corridor. Chris gazed after him, then turned and regarded his quarters.

The cell was far from lavish. The furnishings were sparse and on the utilitarian side. There was an iron cot—very rusty—an iron slab, set into the cement, which did duty as a table; a tin washbasin, a drinking cup, an agate pitcher, and a bucket.

Chris stood on the bed, rested his elbows on the sill of his tiny window, and gazed across Court House Square. He reached mechanically into the pocket of his shirt, produced a sack of tobacco and a piece of rice paper and rolled a cigarette. He inhaled deeply, sighed, and looked out upon the town which was so earnestly extending its official hospitality.

As though drawn by a magnet, his eyes probed toward the northeast corner of the square, where he could discern the sign: Ye Olde English Tea Shoppe, and because he was looking in that direction, he saw Dale Cameron emerge, cut across the street at an angle, and approach the Court House. She was carrying a box under her arm.

The sternness fled from Chris's face. There was color in his cheeks now, and his eyes betrayed excitement.

Dale was coming to visit him. He counted the seconds, following her in his mind's eye across the square, forgetting for the moment his own desperate plight.

THEN he heard her conversing with Lew Neff. He heard—as usual—the gruff reluctance of Lew's permission. He heard her light step on the stone flagging of the corridor, and he tried to pretend that he had not known she was coming until her voice sang through the bars.

"Chris!"

He turned. Now that Dale had come, there were no bars. He caught her hand and held it tightly—piteously tightly—for just a second, and then struggled to make his voice casual.

"Gee, Dale—it's swell to see you!"

"I've been trying to get over, but we've been busy."

"Don't you worry about that." His eyes did not leave her face. He hoped she wouldn't notice, but he was hungry for her. "Any time you come, it's swell. And if you can't make it—why, that's all right, too."

She bit her lip, fighting down the surge of pity for the boy—for his courage, for his youthfulness.

"I brought you a little supper from the tea room, Chris. Sandwiches, and some chicken salad—"

He accepted the box. "Say, that's fine."

"I guess they don't feed you very well, do they?"

"No. But Mr. Carey has been sending me some good meals from the hotel."

"CAREY?" She was surprised. "You never told me."

"He said I shouldn't. You know, Dale—he's really a swell egg. I don't wonder you like him."

She sought to change the subject. "Tell me about yourself, Chris."

"There's nothing to tell. I've read all those magazines you sent."

"I'll send some more."

"And I've enjoyed myself looking out of the window." He shook his head and voiced his only protest. "God, how I'd love to get some exercise!"

"You'll be getting that pretty soon, Chris."

He grasped her hand eagerly. "You think so?"

"Why, yes—"

"No! For a minute I thought maybe you meant it."

"I do, Chris. Really."

"No, you don't. I can tell." He held her eyes steadily. "What's happening outside, Dale?"

"Nothing."

"Yes, there is. I've seen 'em standing around the last couple of days, pointing over here. More than they did, I mean. And today I heard Neff and that tall bird that relieves him talking in whispers about some big trouble—some sort of an outbreak between the Baxter crowd and that other outfit."

"The Crawford family," she explained. "They've had trouble, Chris—and the town seems to expect more." She smiled as brightly as she could. "Perhaps that'll take their minds off you, Chris."

He laughed shortly. "Trying to make me feel better, aren't you, Dale? But it ain't any use. Only it's kind of hard—being cooped up here and not even knowing what's going on." He was silent for a moment, while his shrewd brain considered the situation. "The two big families scrapping, are they?"

"Yes."

"I must be mixed up in it some way."

"Now, Chris—please. It's really not that."

"Is Carey Marshal in on it?"

"Why, I suppose so."

"Because he's my lawyer, eh?" Chris swore softly, then apologized; but neither the oath nor the apology was heard by the girl. "It isn't enough," said the boy bitterly, "that I should be in a jam, but I've got to make trouble for the only guy in the place that's treated me swell."

He turned away suddenly and walked across the tiny cell. Then he returned to the barred door and grasped both her hands.

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"You gotta get outa this burg, Dale."

Her eyes filled with tears. "You're mighty fine, Chris—but I'm not running away."

"Don't be a fool. What right have you got—getting mixed up in all this mess? You ain't doing any good by staying, and—"

"Yes, I am."

"How?"

She smiled rather wistfully. "Because you need me, Chris."

"You're crazy."

"No, I'm not. You and I are friends. We talk the same language. Somehow, I feel that perhaps I make you feel better when I come over."

"Well, you do. That is—you always— Oh, damn it! Dale—that doesn't matter. Don't you see? I got friends here. Take Carey Marshal, for instance. He's right, that feller."

"Sure he is, Chris. But he's different from us; different from you and me."

Chris asked the question without thinking. "Is he—really? Is he different—from you?"

"Of course he is. And *he* hasn't asked me to leave Karnak. Anyway, I'm staying."

He really smiled then. "You would," he said. "You're that kind of an angel."

They talked then lightly for a few minutes. Chris was bravely determined that she should not know the agony of apprehension which he was suffering—until it burst forth against his will. He held her hand tightly then, and his voice was hoarse with the fear of this terrible thing which he was powerless to fight.

"I haven't got a chance, have I, Dale?"

"Of course you have."

"Come clean!" he ordered harshly. "I can take it!"

She was frightened by his intensity. "Chris—please! Don't you know that Carey Marshal is fighting this case for you? He's doing everything in the world—"

"I know! Gee, I know all that, Dale—but it ain't gonna get him anywhere. They've got me. Everybody looks at me like I was a murderer. And if they don't get me one way, they'll get me another."

HER eyes were big and frightened. "Who's been saying things to you?"

"It ain't what they've been saying to me. I've heard 'em in the corridor there, and sometimes the sheriff leaves his door open and I've heard what's been said in there too. They've talked about lynching."

He wrapped his powerful fingers around her arm and drew close. "I've only got one chance, Dale."

"Yes?"

"I'm going to try to make a getaway."

"Chris!"

"*Sssssh!* That bird yonder will be hearing you. Now listen. I can do it, see? I've been testing those bars at the window. Two of them could be loosened. I can crawl out some night—"

"And go where?"

"I don't care where I go. So long as it's out of this lousy hole. You don't know how it feels, Dale—honest, you don't. I'm trying to keep my nerve, but the damned thing is breaking me. I've got to do something."

"YOU mustn't! Promise me you won't."

"I can't promise anything. I've got a chance that way."

"But you haven't, Chris. They'd catch you and they'd shoot you down."

He threw back his head then—and laughed.

"What difference would it make? I'd rather be shot than lynched."

"Oh, Chris, you *must* promise me not to try that. I'm here with you. Mr. Marshal is working for you."

"No," he said, "there's no hope. I know that, Dale, and so do you."

"Chris, if you'll only give me your word not to try to escape"—she pressed her face close to the bars—"I'll promise you anything, Chris, if you'll only not do that."

He stepped closer to the bars and stared at her.

"You would, wouldn't you, Dale? And you'd keep your word."

"Yes."

His black mood dropped from him and he smiled boyishly.

"Good kid," he applauded quietly. "I'll try and see if I can pull myself together."

Lew Neff stamped down the corridor and spoke gruffly.

"Time's up," he said.

She pressed the boy's hand, smiled brightly, and was gone. He looked after her, and his eyes misted. He was alone again—terribly alone—and he stared thoughtfully at the little barred window of his cell.

"I could try it," he reflected. "And then—no matter *what* happened—it would sort of make things easier for her." . . .

Dale Cameron had learned much about Karnak. She had tasted of its hospitality and its hostility; she knew many of its pleasanter citizens and more who were unpleasant; she was familiar with the half dozen principal streets and most of the shops. But she knew nothing whatever about the great gray waste of Four Holes Swamp where lived the great majority of Baxters and Crawfords and the innumerable kinfolk of both.

The home of Lee Crawford was ever so humble, though by the standards of Four Holes Swamp it was purty durn' good. Situated on a knoll rising above the soggy terrain, it could be considered—provided you were artistic and didn't have to live there—a symphony in gray.

The house itself was gray, thanks to the effect of much weather and no paint on pine boards; the dust of the yard was gray, the rickety barn was gray, the swamp dismally gray.

The building which housed Mr. Crawford and his incredibly fecund wife sat mournfully in the middle of

a clearing which was carpeted with defunct pine needles and populated with lackadaisical chickens, sad-eyed hound dogs, a few ducks, two cows of distressful expression, one plow mule, and a four-legged creature which gave evidence of having once been a horse.

Architecturally the residence conformed to the Southern backwoods tradition. The house was, in fact, divided against itself; that is to say it was bisected by what might have been called a veranda, but was actually known to the denizens of the district as a dogtrot. On either side of this dogtrot were rooms: on the right a kitchen containing a rusty iron range, a combination dining and living room and a still smaller room in which slept a number of the numerous Crawford brood. Across the dogtrot was a similar collection of three rooms, crowded with iron beds from which most of the white enamel had been chipped. One roof—rather obviously in need of new shingles—impartially covered the two groups of rooms and the dogtrot, so that if you approached the house from the road you gathered the impression that here was a broad, squat house bisected by an enormous hallway which had neither front nor back door.

The dogtrot served its purpose, however, most effectively. During the sweltering summer months when the fetid breath of the swamp brought little relief, there was shade on the dogtrot and a certain semblance of breeze. Meals were usually served there, and the place was not unpopular with the live stock, toward social contact with which the Crawfords exhibited a commendable broad-mindedness.

Of course, in the winter the members of the family found the dogtrot not so desirable, for it then became necessary to flee from one section of the house to the other through this exposed passageway.

The rest of the Lee Crawford estate was no more impressive than the main house. The land, rising from the swamp, was lavishly fertile, and a goodly portion of the ten acres was under cultivation. There was a little cotton, a great deal of corn, a truck patch from which the Crawfords culled turnips and mustard and beets and carrots. There was a pigpen down near the edge of the swamp, though the fence which theoretically surrounded it was staunch only in spots and the hogs were not unaccustomed to visiting at the home of their owner, occasionally even intruding upon the dogtrot.

YET Lee Crawford, owner of this estate, was a man of parts in Karnak County. He owned other land which was worked by dusky share croppers, and from this he derived an income which was more than enough for his modest needs. He had money in the Karnak State Bank, his eldest three children attended the grade school, he owned an asthmatic automobile, and was regarded as the head of the great Crawford family which extended up hill and down dale, through forest fastness and country lane and swamp blackness to the very borders of Karnak County.

He was a lean person with leather skin, narrow eyes, sparse reddish hair, and a hirsute adornment of the upper lip which could—with some stretch of the imagination—be called a mustache. He was of the swamp. For generations his forbears had lived there, coming into the world, existing indifferently, marrying for want of something to do, begetting children casually, and thus creating a family which numerically was second only to the Baxters.

ON this morning—even before the sun had pierced the miasma which blanketed the swamp—masculine members of the Crawford family had been gathering.

Mrs. Crawford, shriveled beyond belief and looking twenty years more than her age, was busy in the kitchen, where she was assisted by a dark and barefooted damsel whose addiction to conversation made no impression whatever upon the wife of the master of the house.

"Law-*zee*, Mis' Crawford, you sho is gwine feed a whole slew of pussons today, ain't you?"

"Mm-hmm!" responded the harassed lady.

"Heah us is wukkin our haids off so's they can eat. Stove ain't drawin' so good, neither. What time you gwine dish up the eatments?"

"Soon's he gits home."

The girl knew that the personal pronoun referred to Lee, recently raised to even greater social eminence by his thrashing at the hands of Hamp Baxter.

"Reckon he'll be a-comin' any time now," continued the colored girl. "An' is we got plenty? I reckon we has. Lamme see: turnip greens cooked with butt meat; cracklin' bread, chit'lin's, corn pone, ham—with *lots* of gravy—" She smacked her lips appreciatively. "Them's food, Mis' Crawford, they sho is."

On the dogtrot the visiting Crawford gentlemen were sitting. They conversed, but in laconic fashion.

"Lee ought to be gettin' heah."

"Reckon so."

"Hongry?"

"Not so's I cain't wait fo' Lee."

"Did he go alone?"

"Yeh."

"Have a gun?"

"I reckon."

"They'd better not no mo' Baxters have bothered him."

"They better not."

"Persnickety."

"What'd Lee want to see Majuh Marshal fo'?"

"'Bout the votin'."

"What about it?"

"'Lection ain't but three weeks off. Figured the majuh ought to make a speech at the picnic day after tomorrow."

"Majuh ain't fixin' to make no speech. They say he ain't in such pert health."

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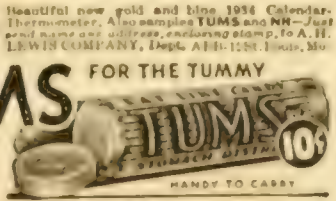

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"Majuh's goin' to do what's right. If it's right he should make a speech, he'll make a speech. He wouldn't git out of the race, would he? Well, I reckon if Lee tells him he ought to talk at the picnic—why, he'll talk."

"Heard tell them Baxters said they was goin' to be at the Grove to keep him from talkin'."

"Hmm! Reckon there'll be 'nough Crawfords there to see he talks if he's got a mind to."

"Li'ble to be trouble."

"They started it—Ham Baxter beatin' up Lee."

"Yeh. Politics kind of lookin' up, ain't they? Seemed like things was goin' to be quiet this yeah."

"Majuh Marshal wouldn't of run if he had knowed that. But them Marshals — once they're in — they don't git out. Not fo' nobody."

"Uh-huh. Like that boy of his—Carey. He sho has stepped into a mess of trouble."

"Reckon he'll git Blake free?"

"Don't matter. Blake's a foreigner. But Hamp Baxter better not git no Crawfords on that jury if he craves to convict. An' he better not keep us Crawfords off the jury, either."

"Would you vote to set Blake free?"

"Reckon so. He killed a Baxter, didn't he? An' that ain't no more'n I'd like to do myself."

"Lee—he's changed. Used to go around sayin' we should love our neighbor."

"That was before Hamp Baxter whupped him."

"Yeh. Now he's fightin' mad. He's sot on 'lectin' Majuh Marshal just on account Hamp is ag'in' him."

"Mmm! Sho is gwine be trouble at the Grove, come the picnic."

"Well, us Crawfords, we ain't never run away from no trouble, have we?"

From the direction of the swamp came a loud coughing, like a robot afflicted with acute bronchitis. Lee Crawford piloted his car along the corduroy highway, chugged in through the fence aperture where a gate was supposed to be, turned off the ignition, and approached the dogtrot, nodding cordially to his relatives.

HE still bore his scars of battle: a puffed and discolored eye, a split lip, a large bump just below the scraggly red hair.

"I seen Majuh Marshal," he announced.

"What'd he say?"

"Waaal—" Lee was no person to reach the point too swiftly. "Fust of all, he allowed he wouldn't make no political speeches. Said we could 'lect him or not. Said he was only stayin' in the race on account of Hamp Baxter threatenin' him he better git out."

Mr. Crawford refreshed himself with a confection labeled "Plug Cut."

"Carey Marshal said his pop was right. Said ol' majuh would be at the picnic, like he always is—but didn't aim to say nothin'."

"Mmm! Pineville folks always come to the picnic. Reckon what's happenin' ain't goin' to make 'em stay away."

"I told the majuh," continued Lee impassively, "that we was figgerin' on him. Said he should say just a few words. Quiet—you know. No regular speech. And fin'ly, he 'lowed that he would. Just a few words."

"Did you tell him," inquired a cousin, "that Hamp Baxter has been sayin' he wasn't goin' to be let speak?"

There was a gleam in Lee Crawford's watery gray eyes. "Never told him nothin'. Ain't no use worryin' him, is there?"

IT was agreed that Lee's tactics had been above reproach.

"No trouble in town, was there, Lee?"

"No-o. But it felt like somethin' could happen most any minute."

"See any of them Baxters?"

"A few. I sho did. But they never made no move tords me."

"They a'ready made move enough. Even if they never done nothin' more, they got to pay fo' that."

"Hamp'll pay. He's ag'in' the majuh—an' we're for him. We'll 'lect him, too. When them Baxters try to stop the speakin' at the Grove—why, we'll see they don't. Hamp's been entirely too uppity. 'Tain't right he should keep on."

"He's pretty mad, though, Lee—his brother bein' kilt, an' all that."

"Yeh. But he hadn't ought to of hit me."

"That's right. An' we'll make him sorry."

There was a brief pause, then some one voiced a remark:

"Looks like there might be a right smart of fun at the picnic."

"Uh-huh. You-all pass the word along that all us Crawfords want to be there."

"You really reckon the quality folks will come too?"

"Mostly. Co'se if they knowed it was goin' to be trouble—"

"But they don't know, do they?"

"No," said Lee, "they don't know. So they'll be there, like they always are." He smiled gently. "I kind of got me a thought that by the time the sun sets day after tomorrow Hamp Baxter is goin' to be sorry he laid a hand on somebody named Crawford."

The next installment of this absorbing novel is packed with moments of dramatic tension and heart-throbbing romance. Read what takes place when Major Marshal tries to speak at Karnak's picnic, and the new problem confronting Dale and Carey.

Answer to the One-Word Puzzle on Page 26

The letters O R E D W N O form--ONE WORD!

Now, lest you feel this one tricky, the letters A B E N O T Y form the word BAYONET. The difficulty in this last one is that few people think of -ET as a word ending.

Football's Most Perfect Play

A Backward Look at a High Spot in Gridiron History

By

GLENN L. (POP) WARNER

Famous Football Coach

Pop Warner

(Reading time: 4 minutes 5 seconds.)

IN the matter of the most faultless execution of a play under adverse conditions, football probably reached its highest peak of attainment at Soldiers' Field in Chicago late in the afternoon of Saturday, November 29, 1930. A great Army team was meeting a great Notre Dame team, and one of the greatest crowds that has ever witnessed a football game sat through a driving rainstorm and risked pneumonia in a cold wind to see it—and in the end they saw one of the most thrilling finishes ever staged on any football field.

A football coach may spend days and weeks drilling his players in the way each must function in the perfect execution of a play, but any time each player involved functions to perfection in the heat of a game, where the activities of the opposing team have to be swept aside, the coach is lucky.

He is lucky even when the play is made to click on a dry field—but here was a case where a perfectly planned play that demanded swift and perfect execution on the part of eight players operated without a slip in any detail on a field that had been transformed into a quagmire by the pelting rain.

That was the greatest of all Notre Dame teams, coached by one of the greatest of football coaches, the late Knute Rockne—but that rainy day on Soldiers' Field it met one of the greatest of all Army teams.

In the Notre Dame backfield were Marchmont Schwartz and Frank Carideo, both of whom were unanimous All-America selections that year, and Marty Brill, also an All-America selection.

At the ends they had Conley and O'Brien, the former an All-America selection; and at one of the guard positions was Metzger, a 150-pound guard who was unanimously selected for the All-America in spite of his lack of weight.

The first part of that game was uneventful, a drab and forlorn affair, with the attack of both teams bogged down in the mud. Then, five minutes before the end of the game, when neither side had scored, this game in the mud produced the most perfect play.

Notre Dame had the ball on her own forty-six-yard line when Carideo called the signal for Schwartz to take the ball on an off-tackle play. As Schwartz swung into action over the slippery turf, Brill spun out and blocked out the Army end. Conley, Notre Dame right end, swung in and blocked the Army left tackle *in*, with the aid of Mullins, Notre Dame fullback. As Schwartz started wide and then cut back inside of end, with the Army end and tackle blocked and the Notre Dame center and right tackle blocking out the Army center and left guard, he found Carideo and Metzger leading him. This great pair of blockers went through and took out the Army close secondary defense, leaving only Carver, the Army "safety man," on guard. Then O'Brien, Notre Dame left end, swung down the field from the other side and took out Carver. All Schwartz had to do was to keep his feet in the mud and run—and he raced more than half the length of the field for a touchdown without a single hostile hand even touching him.

Here was a play that called for perfect execution on the part of eight men—and not one of them slipped up on his assignment. Schwartz was given the right of way by as fine a development of team play as any football field has ever seen.

A SECOND startling development to thrill that water-soaked crowd of 100,000 came swiftly on the heels of this one just a few plays later.

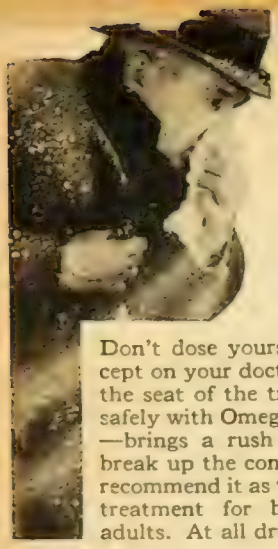
After the Army kick-off Notre Dame was forced deep into her own territory. Carideo had to drop back to his own fifteen-yard line to kick. As he got the ball, King, the Army end, sifted through and was upon him. King blocked the kick and the ball bounded over the Notre Dame goal line with King after it. As he got near the ball he saw Trice, one of the Army forwards, at his side. A Notre Dame player was only two steps away. Instead of diving for the ball, King turned and cut down the Notre Dame player, giving Trice a free shot, and Trice fell on the ball for a touchdown.

If they kicked goal it would tie the score. But Broshaus, who essayed the kick, never had a chance. As soon as the ball was passed the whole Notre Dame team swarmed through and blocked the kick. The game ended a minute later, Notre Dame winning by a single-point margin.

It was the only defeat that great Army team had suffered that year—and it took the greatest of all Notre Dame teams and the one chance in a thousand for eight players to function perfectly in a difficult assignment on a single play to do it.

That, in my opinion, represents the high peak of football attainment.

THE END



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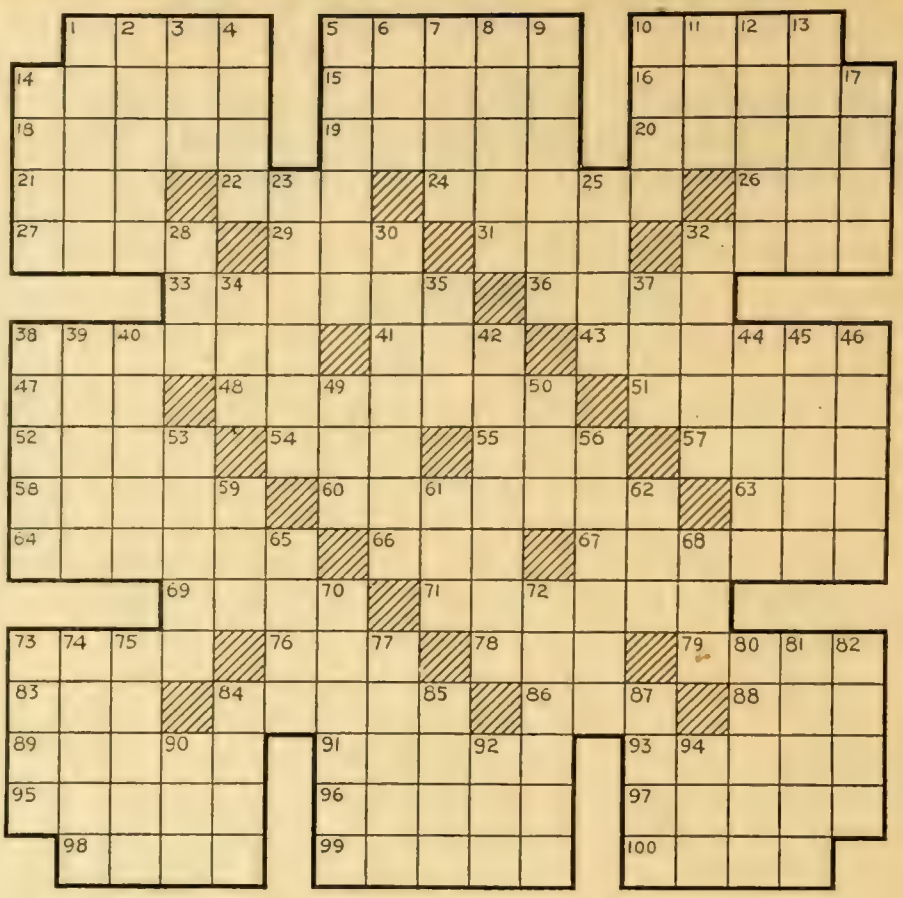
CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 To be dull
5 Not so early
10 A state
14 Washed
15 Worship
16 Rheumatism remedy
18 Efface
19 Indian of Brazil
20 Select class
21 Make lace
22 Brood of pheasants (obs.)
24 Sea mammals
26 Mesh fabric
27 Stock
29 Sooner than
31 Inclosure
32 Assail with missiles
33 Degrades
36 Assam silkworm
38 Chinese boat
41 Meadow
43 Given to wandering
47 A beverage
48 To regard with honor
51 Mistake
52 Youths
54 Combining form: two
55 Type of horse
57 Father
58 Expiate
60 Scattered
63 Peer Gynt's mother
64 Free from immodesty
66 Iniquity
67 Annoyed
69 Passage in a mine
71 Pay attention
73 Watercourse margin
76 Soak
78 Salt
79 Small hollow
83 Crude metal

Answer to last week's puzzle

84 Dries and withers
86 Greek letter
88 Recline
89 Wool fabric
91 Trap
93 Declaim
95 Harbor
96 Ethereal salt
97 Memoranda
98 Ovule
99 Bamboolike grasses
100 Prophet

VERTICAL

1 French Revolutionist
2 Egg-shaped
3 Footlike part
4 State of bliss
5 Weavers
6 Woman's name
7 Rocky pinnacles
8 American Indians
9 Remission
10 Employs
11 The palmyra (East Indian)
12 Set in a row
13 Hostelry
14 Allows
17 Native of Latvia
23 Brought forth young
25 Stringed instrument
28 Chart
30 Eel traps
32 Young salmon (pl.)
34 Exclude
35 Comprehend
37 Anger
38 Article of cold food
39 Like a wing
40 Kind of wine
42 Stresses
44 Songs
45 Scandinavian
46 Cornered
49 A genus of swine
50 Coarse and broken part of flax
53 Act furtively
56 Species of pepper (pl.)
59 Terminus
61 An inlet
62 Lair
65 Part of a wheel
68 Augment
70 More concise; in a neater manner
72 Candles
73 Empty talk (colloq.)
74 Districts
75 Give courage to
77 Taut
80 Puff up
81 Saltpeter
82 Mounds
84 Transmit
85 Satisfy beyond natural desire
87 Electrified particles
90 Teamster's command
92 A color
94 Fish spawn

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

Wild Girls *of the* Road

A First-Hand Picture of a Startling American Problem

(Reading time: 10 min. 20 sec.)

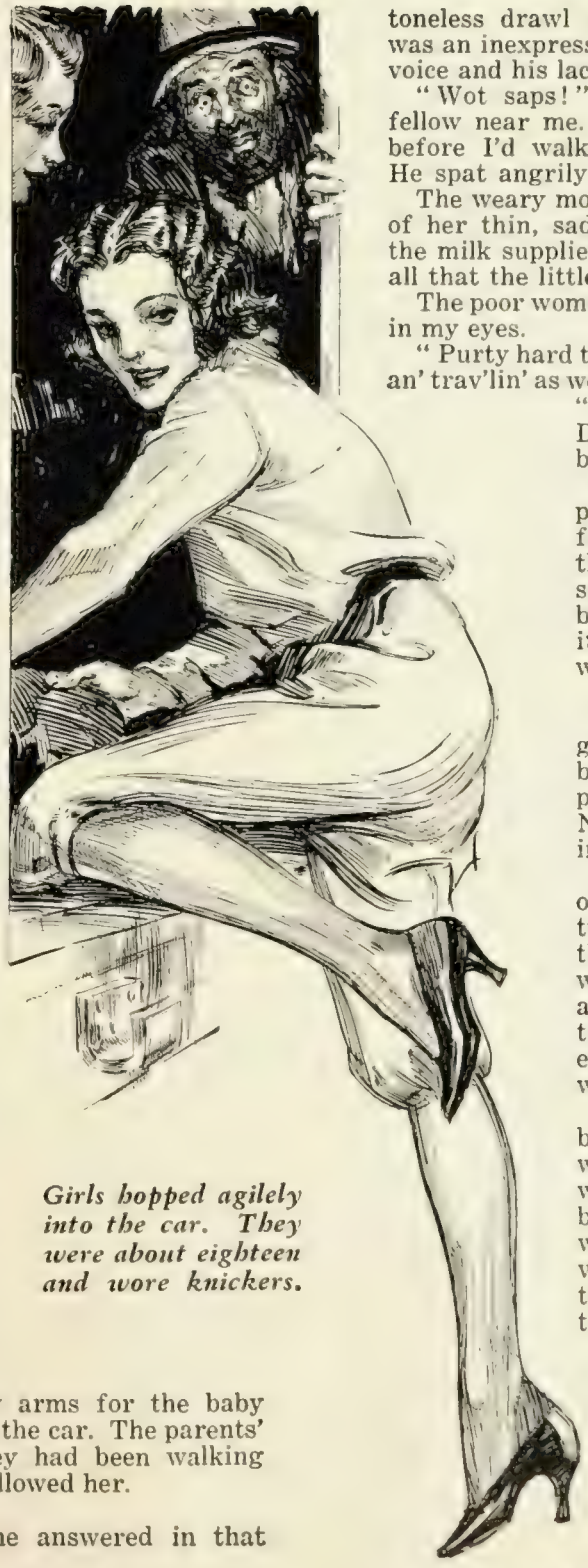
THERE is a new type of hobo on the road today. One might better say co-hobo, since the so-called softer sex has taken to hoboing. These women and girls live as the male hobo lives—even to the cooking of mulligans down in the thousands of hobo jungles.

Thirty years ago there were approximately two hundred thousand hoboes on the road. Today there are more than three million, a goodly portion of them women and girls.

During a recent trip from New York to California via side-door Pullman, family after family rode in the same box cars that I rode. Generally these families were of the mildly nitwit type. However, there were exceptions. Once I spent some really enjoyable time discussing various subjects with the father and mother of three children who slept peacefully in the darkened end of the box car.

This particular family, having survived the cold, hungry, penniless hell of two New York winters following the loss of the father's Wall Street job, made up its collective mind that it was time to move to a warmer climate where it might starve in more comfort.

It was near the Nebraska-Kansas line that I met another type new to the road. A couple came wearily to the door of the car in which a number of us were riding. Over the mother's thin shoulder drooped the head of one sleepy sweating baby girl. Against the breast of the gangling, lanky, unshaven father nestled the sweaty face of a twin sister. They were obviously of that class known in certain Southern sections as "pore white trash."



Girls hopped agilely into the car. They were about eighteen and wore knickers.

In a voice that simply dripped tiredness the mother asked: "This yere train goin' west?"

I said it was, and held out my arms for the baby while others helped the mother into the car. The parents' worn-out shoes indicated that they had been walking for days. The husband clumsily followed her.

"Walked far?" I asked.

"'Bout th'ee hund'ed miles," he answered in that toneless drawl peculiar to Missourians. There was an inexpressible hopelessness in his apathetic voice and his lackluster eyes.

"Wot saps!" ejaculated a red-headed young fellow near me. "I'd see th' whole world sunk before I'd walk three miles—carryin' nuthin'." He spat angrily through the open door.

The weary mother listlessly unbuttoned the top of her thin, sadly soiled blouse. I wondered if the milk supplied by those shrunken breasts was all that the little tots got.

The poor woman must have divined the question in my eyes.

"Purty hard to git cow's milk when yo're busted an' trav'lin' as we-all 're trav'lin'," she volunteered. "Th' ole man's brother lives in Denver. When we-all git thar th' babies'll git plenty to eat."

This was too much for Red. He pointed at a little restaurant not far from our car. "I wanta git these kids an' their paw an' maw somethin' to eat. If th' scissorbill who runs that joint won't give it to me, I'll take it anyway. Who's wit' me?"

"Come on," I said.

The bewhiskered "scissorbill" gave us ample milk for the two babies and enough food for the parents to last them until next day. Neither lacked for food all the way into Denver, where we left them.

In the cattle car that I rode out of the Denver yards there were two young couples, one childless, the other the parents of a fourteen-weeks-old baby. Both women were attractive, young, well dressed for the road, and each couple possessed enough money to keep supplied with food without having to beg.

The childless couple had lost a business in upstate New York and were on their way to Oakland, where the wife's relatives were in business. The couple with the baby were on their way home from a visit to northern Colorado, where they had spent more money than they intended. To both couples the trip was a lark.

I met plenty of other family groups. Families of four to six, accompanied by all their possessions—trunks, battered radios, shotguns, dogs, baby cribs. Some were experiencing considerable difficulty in

By CLIFF MAXWELL

the Torture I Suffered"

An affliction I had to bear in silence, it was so embarrassing!

IS THERE anything more painful than Hemorrhoids, or more frankly, Piles? The suffering is well nigh inexpressible and the sad part of it is that, on account of the delicacy of the subject, many hesitate to seek relief. Yet nothing is more crushing or more fraught with danger than a bad case of Piles!

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securing sufficient food. As one gaunt-faced father remarked, "Wot th' hell—we might as well croak in a box car as starve out on the sidewalk where the landlord set us." That seems to be about the attitude of most of the families.

To those young ladies whom I shall refer to as lady hoboes the road is a place of romantic adventure. At least, to a certain class of them.

When I left Chicago the train had no more than started when three girls hopped agilely into the car. They were about eighteen and all wore the knickers affected by the modern lady of the road.

Their little high-heeled shoes beat a tattoo on the wooden deck of the car as they came to where I was standing. They were as confident and self-assured as they were pretty; and all of them were *very* pretty.

An exceptionally attractive little brunette whom the others called Rose addressed me first.

"I hope for your sake, ole-timer, that you don't get any fool ideas just because we're riding in here with you," she said at once. "It won't be pleasant for either you or us."

"I guess you don't need to worry. I'm old enough to be your father—maybe your grandfather," I said, grinning at her.

She laughed. "Well," she said, "I've met some 'grandfathers' with some mighty young ideas."

"And what do you do then?" I inquired.

"Show him, Rose," said a plump little blonde.

Reaching into her blouse, Rose pulled out a wicked-looking automatic. "I've had occasion to use it only once," she said. "But it was not on a grandfather with young ideas."

It seemed that five or six young fellows, the fall before, had attempted to attack the girls while en route from Portland to San Francisco. Rose had to pull her gun and fire once over their heads before the gang would pile out of the car.

COMING over the Sierras into California, I was riding in a car that had about ten girls and about the same number of young fellows. Our next division point would be Portola, California. The night air was penetratingly cold and all hands decided to drop off at a little town, build a fire, and catch another train into Portola the following morning.

After we dropped off we decided we'd like coffee and something to eat if we could "pling" (beg) it. But, the town being asleep, the chances would be all against us.

"Why not let us girls do the plinging?" spoke up an attractive miss. "A girl can get away with things that would get a fellow shot."

She had the answer. Not only did the girls get sufficient food for all of us, but one householder insisted upon making a steaming kettle of coffee for us—and brought it down to our fire himself. If we fellows had tried to bum grub at that hour, we could have expected anything from a fist fight to the lockup—but no grub.

It was in Portola that I met one of those girls whom the world terms "bad." Marie, as I shall call her, flipped her trim little body up on to the flat car where I sat, legs dangling over the side, and, edging over to me, opened the conversation with an old, old proposition.

She couldn't have been more than nineteen. Her babyhood, childhood, and girlhood had been spent in the slums of Chicago. At twelve she knew more about underworld life than most plain-clothes men know after years of duty in such a district.

I talked with her on various subjects for an hour or more. Then a young fellow came along and sat down beside her, and a few minutes later, when the train stopped, they both dropped off.

THERE is yet another class of girls on the road who are there for yet another reason. They are about to become unwed mothers and are going to some city where they are not known.

At home their parents are respected people and so are they. Did they remain at home and let nature take its course, they feel that the disgrace would be unbearable.

Slipping off and traveling as a hobo-gypsy to a distant city where they are unknown, they may bear their babies in peace and without disgrace—if they'll just have the gumption to keep their mouths closed and say nothing.

In every state there are institutions where a girl in this condition may go and have very good care. California is no exception. The facilities and the climate appeal strongly to these unwed mothers. So California is having considerable experience with them.

I know of one girl who delayed too long. She had to drop off a freight train, not far from Salt Lake City, for immediate medical attention. The little town where she dropped off did not have a physician. She wandered into the depot. The station agent, who is the father of several children, saw her condition and chased her out into the night. Two hours later, in a roadside service station several miles from the depot, the baby was born.

I am familiar with numerous other cases where babies were born in box cars and elsewhere.

This is the road today. On it there are people of all ages, from all walks of life and of both sexes, mingling freely. Ex-bankers rub shoulders with internationally known crooks. Stickup men josh with former office boys, and hoboes of the old school teach adolescent youths the art of plinging a hand-out. Through it all stalks the little lady hobo in her high-heeled shoes and knickers. They are learning that traveling and living in America without money is a cinch.

THE END

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
ALBIN HENNING

He took one step and gathered her in his arms. For a long time neither of them spoke.

Ladies and Lovers

The Story of a Lonely Heart's Legacy

By SARA HAARDT

(Reading time: 19 minutes 56 seconds.)

I KNOW it sounds old-fashioned, my dear," Miss Eva Darlington had often told her goddaughter, Eva May Brooks, when she came, as a poverty-stricken goddaughter should come, regularly and devotedly, to dine with her wealthy godmother, "but you'll regret it your life long if you refuse Hugh and discover later that you love him."

"It may be true"—Eva May shook her lovely ash-blonde head doubtfully—"but I honestly don't see how you can tell your true love. I like Hugh, of course, but—oh, I like ever so many others!"

"I suspect it's Hugh you love, though it *is* hard to tell at your age." Miss Eva dreamed down at the fires in her wineglass. "You're apt to get notions from sixteen to twenty-two, not only about men but about your career as an individual. An artist, if you please. I don't know what you'll want to do, Eva May—girls are up to all sorts of things nowadays—but you'll know about Hugh when the time comes, no matter what else you *think* you want."

Eva May had listened to something like that from her godmother until it no longer made any impression upon her. She was sick of Vineville, and of Alabama, where she had lived all her life; of her own family, with whom she had to live in an overcrowded house farther up the avenue; and of all her beaus she had known too well ever to get excited about.

There was nothing for her in Vineville. Absolutely nothing. In her brief twenty years she had not become blind to the charm of Vineville—the broad streets, the big white houses set among the magnolias, the soft air and starry flowers; but, after the manner of youth, she girded herself to hate them now. Instinctively she knew they had the power to speak to her, to dupe her as they had Miss Eva, her mother and father, Hugh, and all Miss Eva's ladies and lovers who had made such hopeless messes of their lives.

She hated Vineville, she told herself, and its slow-poky ways; she hated the sentimentality of ladies who saw the beginning and the end of everything in their lovers. *She* would never be like that—oh, never! She didn't care how hateful it sounded; she knew that her godmother had been in love with her father, John Brooks, when *she* was a girl of twenty, and that she loved him still; that she tried to forget him by going away herself immediately after her mother, May Lawrence, had announced their engagement; and that Miss Eva loved John Brooks's daughter less because she was a namesake than because she was the image of John Brooks.

Eva May, hurrying down Fairview Avenue to dine with Miss Eva, gave a little skip, and stopped suddenly in the shadows to clasp her hands tightly together, like the times she was afraid when she was a little girl. How silly to be so nervous! She had her speech to Miss Eva all made up. She would ask her point-blank for the money to leave Vineville; and Miss Eva would give it to her—as quickly as *that!*— because she was John Brooks's daughter. If Miss Eva asked her about Hugh, then—

"Oh, there are plenty of girls in town who would be only too glad to marry Hugh," she would answer. "You know, there are three eligible girls to every one man, and Hugh's rather—well—presentable."

Suddenly Eva May pressed her hands over her heart. It had been sweet to be loved by Hugh Clifton, to see him waiting for her in all his firm tallness in every stag line, to feel him looking at her with complete adoration. He had told her plainly that he loved her, that he wanted to marry her. She would miss him, her heart told her—oh, she would miss him, no matter where she went or what she did!

Eva May glanced about her helplessly. Why should she feel like this when she had made up her mind absolutely about leaving Vineville? People had always said she was the image of her father with her bright blonde hair and soft ways, and it was true that her father loved his quiet, other-worldly life in Vineville.

BUT what of her mother? She was her mother's daughter as well. May Brooks, still pretty in spite of her cares, with a strange glittering look of triumph in her long gray eyes, had seemed wholly unaware of any other world excepting her own. She had never, to Eva May's knowledge, wanted anything that her husband couldn't give her, or glanced past her vined-in veranda, though John Brooks could give her precious little with six children to support, and her life behind the vined-in veranda was pitiably monotonous.

Eva May's eyes were drawn to the lights down the avenue where Miss Eva Darlington lived in her lovely old house with her lovely old things. If only there had been more money, perhaps—perhaps—she would have been content to stay in Vineville. *She* would have liked a home of her own as much as anybody. But there was no time to think of that now. Her mother's noisy brood, the unpleasant struggle of not only getting along but keeping up on too little money, the endless confusion in the house instead of the sweet calm at Miss Eva's, she swallowed as she had so often swallowed her pride.

She started down the avenue again, her eyes fastened on the house in front of her. Suddenly she gave a little cry and stopped stone-still of fright.

"Hello, sweetness! You look like a ghost stealing out from under the shadows, all in white with that white face. A face, I would swear, like a white rose!"

It was—it could only be—Hugh Clifton. Oh, the loving comfort in the touch of his hand there in the cool darkness!

"I'm dining with you," he told her when she started up Miss Eva Darlington's path. "Miss Eva had a spell with her heart, and Mrs. Watkins telephoned me to come over to keep you company."

"Mrs. Watkins!" Eva May cried. In Vineville, where everybody concealed illness as assiduously as they did the family skeleton, the arrival of Mrs. Watkins into a household was a sure sign that the illness was of such serious nature that it could no longer be concealed. Mrs. Watkins herself was a terrifying person. She was a real trained nurse who had taken up nursing again after Mr. Watkins died.

"How do you do, Eva May?" she bowed, after Augustus, the butler, had ushered them in. "Miss Eva said you were to entertain Mr. Clifton for her. I'm having a bite on a tray, so you'll have to manage alone. Later Miss Eva wants to see you upstairs."

She was gone with a starchy rustle, and Eva May felt a swift panic at having to take Miss Eva's place. Miss Eva, who did things so beautifully, who looked after the smallest detail in her lovely old house.

Eva May sat on the ivory-brocaded lady's chair where Miss Eva had always sat, and smiled a tight little smile. "You may take that one, Hugh." She motioned to a larger rosewood chair with arms. "Men always find it more comfortable."

"It *is* a swell chair all right," he said, "and a swell room, if you ask me. Do you know," he added seriously, "I've always thought Miss Eva was an artist in her own right. Nobody ever lived more graciously than she has in this old house. It's a shame she never married. What a wife she would have made some poor sap!"

"Men always say that about a woman when she exhibits the slightest talent for getting along on her own," observed Eva May with elaborate indifference. She relaxed against the brocaded ivory of the lady's chair until Augustus came in with the cocktails.

HUGH sprang to his feet. "Let me—" he began. But she lifted a deprecating hand.

"No; Augustus will pour the cocktails. You may set the tray near me, Augustus; I will take care of them. Ah, thank you."

It was strange how easily she spoke the words, and how golden her voice sounded. Exactly like Miss Eva's! Augustus bowed and retired. The suave service, the pleasant life of the room flowed on as usual.

"Say, this is wonderful, being here with you like this."

"It *is* nice."

Through an open window the night, full of the sweet garden smells, drifted in. The blinds swayed on their silken tapes; the candles under their crystal shades flickered at intervals. Eva May had never felt so relaxed and calm and good. She took another sip of her cocktail, and forgot about the immediate necessity of leaving Vineville. It was a career in itself to take Miss Eva's place.

"You look like a hundred dollars' worth of moonlight," Hugh was saying. "I swear I'd kiss you, but in spite of your soft youngishness your looks positively forbid it."

"I'm not so young or so soft," she protested in her new golden voice. "You'd really be surprised at how hard I am."

"I *would* be surprised," he laughed. "It would be like asking a rose to be hard—or a newborn kitten."

Eva May laughed and shook her head at him until all her ringlets twinkled. "I don't mind looking like a hundred dollars' worth of moonlight. That, from you, is really rather flattering. But I'm not in the least like a kitten. You forget, Mister Hugh, that I was twenty last June, and that's a serious matter with a girl who has her way to make in the world."

She spoke lightly, but underneath was a compelling withdrawal.

"I haven't forgotten," he assured her. "It's all I ever

think about, day and night. There's something else I want to tell you too. We may have to struggle along at first, but I really mean to clean up on this job of mine. We won't be poor always, sweetness."

"I'm used to being poor," Eva May sighed.

The blinds stirred, and again the room was filled with the fragrance of the garden flowers. Her determination to leave Vineville was as strong as ever, she told herself, but she couldn't bear to tell Hugh tonight. She wanted to keep tonight, with all its love-making and perfume and pervading delicacy of the past, separate from tomorrow — the struggling wormlike revelations that tomorrow would bring.

Oh, she might look like a newborn kitten, but she knew where most of the dreams of the young men of Vineville had gone. Yes, and she knew where the dreams of the girls had gone, too!

"We'll have the world in a jug," Hugh said, and started toward her. But before he got out of his chair Augustus appeared noiselessly.

"Dinner is served," he announced, and bowed slightly with impeccable dignity.

EVA MAY experienced something like stage fright when she entered the dining room. There was Augustus standing beside her chair, there were tall white candles in the candelabra, all Miss Eva's silver and crystal polished until they gleamed as brightly as the candles—and a centerpiece of red velvety Richmond roses such as she had never seen before. It was wonderful and yet terribly tragic that things could go on so perfectly with Miss Eva sick upstairs.

Eva May trembled a little, but she signaled quietly to Augustus and the dinner progressed. First, clear soup with the thinnest Melba toast; fish with a heavenly sauce and the right dash of paprika; roast chicken, deliciously turned, with one vegetable—butter beans fresh from Miss Eva's own vines; then plain lettuce salad with the merest hint of curry in the sauce; and finally, creamed cheese with fig preserves. Augustus paused beside Eva May's place after the main dish, and said, as he poured the first drops of a heavy ruby liquid in her glass, "Miss Eva is having her oldest Madeira tonight, and she wishes you to share it with her."

"Thank you, Augustus. That is very charming."

Augustus proceeded to pour the proper quantity of wine to the drop into Hugh's glass, and then returned to hers. Eva May watched him, recalling as from afar Miss Eva's words to her one night: "I cannot tell you how much these little things mean to me—the serving of the host first with a scant portion, the filling of the guest's glass three quarters full, then the serving of the host again. A mild white wine, Moselle preferably, with the fish; red wine with the main dish; and champagne always with the des-

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"You were very good to come, Eva May," Miss Eva murmured. "Sit by the bed where I can see you. How lovely you are!"

sert. Small things, Eva May, but you must remember to do them correctly. I like to think that ten years after I am dead proper wines will be served properly at my table."

Eva May felt the stem of her deeply cut glass between her cold fingers, and shivered. For Miss Eva had said something else in her golden voice—lightly and yet with an inner grimness:

"I am saving my oldest Madeira for my deathbed. You will be here, I hope, to drink it with me, not as a toast to a dying old woman, but as a summing up of the understanding, the real affection that exists, on my part at least, between us."

The dinner progressed, was finished. The Madeira was gone, the champagne appeared, and Eva May motioned to Augustus to serve the coffee, as usual, in the drawing-room. The candles still flickered under their shades. Augustus came and went, and they were alone once more together.

Hugh sank back in his chair again. "This is the kind of life I have always dreamed of living—with you." He stopped suddenly and sipped his coffee. "Whatever we say about the older generations, we'll have to hand it to them when it comes to the way they lived."

Eva May started to say that, no matter the generation, if you didn't have the income Miss Eva had you couldn't live as she did, or even approximate it; but she nodded softly instead.

"No, it couldn't be more perfect the world over," she agreed. Her heart was choked with a new consuming tenderness. Hugh must not have his evening spoiled; she, and she alone, could protect him from that.

WHEN she heard Mrs. Watkins's starchy skirts in the hall, she arose hastily. "Finish your coffee, and ring for Augustus if you want anything," she told Hugh. "I'm going to see Miss Eva for a few minutes."

"Of course, sweetness. Give her my love."

Mrs. Watkins, for all her experience in sick rooms, was visibly ruffled.

"She wants to see you alone, and I'm afraid she'll exert herself too much. She's really too ill for talking, but nothing else will do her! Can I trust you to keep a watchful eye on her and tell me at once if she shows any sign of failing?"

"Failing—" Eva May repeated incredulously. "She really can't be as sick as that!"

"She's been failing for the last five years," Mrs. Watkins said sharply. "Any one with an eye could have seen that." . . .

"You were very good to come, Eva May," Miss Eva murmured. "Sit close by the bed where I can see you. How lovely you are looking!"

"Oh, but you shouldn't have let me come!" Eva May cried. "I didn't know—I had no idea that you were ill."

Miss Eva raised a silencing hand, and Eva May was alarmed at the effort it seemed to cost her. "I suppose I should have told you before, but I didn't want to spoil our evenings together. You see, your visits meant a great deal to me—more than ever I can tell you."

She paused, and Eva May saw that she was really dying, and yet that all her dark glorious beauty was gathered in her eyes.

"They meant a great deal more to me," Eva May said desperately. "Why, I was coming to you—first of all—this very night to tell you about my leaving Vineville."

"I know, I know." Miss Eva's long white tapering hands trembled a little, but she continued to gaze at Eva May. "Tell me about it. Where were you going and what were you going to *do?*"

Eva May twisted her own strong young hands in her lap and spoke with a curious hurried embarrassment. "Why, I really hadn't thought *where*. Anywhere but here!"

"And what were you going to do?" asked Miss Eva.

"That's what I wanted to talk over with you," Eva May began slowly. "I haven't a special talent like writing or painting, and I didn't do very well with the secretarial course I took at high school. But I guess I could get a job—somewhere."

"Ah, yes! Somewhere. Well, tell me, Eva May, was there anything particularly you *wanted* to do?"

Eva May puckered her eager, rather childish mouth. "No," she answered perplexedly; "no, not par*ti*cularly."

SUDDENLY she felt Miss Eva's eyes smiling at her in the most kindly of subtle ways.

"I know it sounds silly," she continued helplessly. "But—somehow—I thought you would understand."

Miss Eva's long pale hands fluttered for a moment and were still. "Yes," she said at last in her golden voice. "I do understand. When I was your age I thought I wanted to leave Vineville, too, and I did go away, as you have heard. Girls didn't take jobs then, and my excuse for going was that I wanted to see something of the world. I'm afraid I wasn't any more definite about it than you are. Places were mere names to me, and I had more enthusiasm than knowledge. Well, I went, as you know, but only after refusing your father, whom I loved more than I knew. I couldn't keep him dangling—he said I had to choose—any more than you could keep Hugh dangling now. I chose to go away, like the young fool I was, and while I was away he married May Lawrence, your mother."

"I knew you went away," murmured Eva May, "but I always thought it was *after* mother and father were married."

She looked out and away through the wide window, where the silver sky was dim and not starry but strange-seeming, and she couldn't help thinking that if Miss Eva hadn't gone away from Vineville *she* never would have been born!

Miss Eva continued trancedly: "You were the child I might have given John, the child who most looked like him, with your blonde beauty and soft strong ways. You don't mind my saying this, now that I am dying, do you, dear?"

Eva May felt warm tears welling in her throat. Poor Miss Eva! What

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a lonely life she had led, her glorious dark beauty forever dimmed by the glittering look of triumph in May Brooks's long gray eyes, the joining of her name with May Brooks's name in Eva May's own name, which, far from flattering her, merely reminded her of her lost love every time she heard it spoken. "You have always seemed perfect to me," Eva May choked at last. "How could I mind what you say?"

"You are a sweet child"—Miss Eva spoke slower and slower, holding fast to the covers with her long pale hands—"and I only want you to be happy. I am not wealthy as people count wealth nowadays, but I have a gracious plenty and there is this house which you love. All—all I have I have willed to you, to do with as you please."

She stopped for breath, then hurried on as Eva May started to speak:

"No, don't thank me. You have been very dear to me. It is considered old-fashioned to cherish any sentiment nowadays, I know, but I have always been old-fashioned on that subject: I consider love the most important thing in a woman's life. Yes—the most important. And you shall have your right to it. Remember, though, only your right. Choose as you will."

Something drove Eva May to stand up. She stooped and kissed Miss Eva's cool white brow. There came a little sighing sound from her, and when Eva May looked at her she saw beyond her dark head the October night becalmed in pale light and the sweet olive trees heavy with bloom.

Eva May did not go immediately downstairs where Hugh awaited her in the drawing-room. After she had sent Mrs. Watkins back to Miss Eva she walked down the long hall to the balcony overhanging the veranda. There she stood for a long time with her cold hands pressed against her hot cheeks.

"Poor Miss Eva—poor angel!" she said softly.

THE night was so still she could hear the drip of dew from the flowers. How lovely it was! How many times Miss Eva must have stood there in her crying loneliness, watching the far-off lights in May Brooks's house! Suddenly Eva May felt that she must run to Miss Eva instantly and tell her that *she* would never refuse Hugh and leave Vineville as Miss Eva had done. *She* knew that the world was full of foolish young girls without any special talents who were looking for jobs. Hadn't she told Miss Eva that she didn't know where she was going or what she was going to do?

She hadn't, of course, really wanted to do anything but marry Hugh and stay on in Vineville. It was all so simple and clear. Love, the most important thing in a woman's life. Hugh. Herself and Hugh. She *knew* she loved Hugh beyond everything. Why, only tonight she had shielded him from the smallest thing that would hurt him.

She wouldn't, in the wildest moment in coquetry, give up Hugh for all the jobs in the world! Miss Eva, and all her ladies and lovers couldn't have told her that.

Eva May felt such a rush of happiness that she collided blindly with Mrs. Watkins as she stepped inside the house.

"Oh, can I—I *must* see Miss Eva for a minute! There's something important I have to tell her."

Mrs. Watkins shook her head firmly. "She's sinking. She'll be gone very shortly. No, no; you can't do a bit of good up here. This is no place for you. You go downstairs to your beau."

Eva May started slowly down the stairs. Her beau! Yes, there he was waiting for her. He took one step and gathered her in his arms. For a long time neither of them spoke. He could feel her tremble. How fragrant she was, and how fragile to look so seriously out of her blue, blue eyes! There had been times when he thought she tried to keep him dangling with silly little tricks like the rest of the girls in Vineville, but overnight she had grown up, become mysterious, really. She couldn't be more adorable with her golden innocence and that strange maturity.

"You are sweet, so sweet," he murmured.

SHE smiled a soft mysterious smile. It was curious. Out of her pity for Miss Eva and Miss Eva's starved life flowed a cynicism—not the youthful idiotic cynicism she had felt about her own life in Vineville earlier in the evening, but cool, entirely reflective. She saw herself married to Hugh, mistress of this old house, living in the most comfortable of quiet ways. She would see to the wines and the roses in the most discreet, the most efficient manner. Yes, because she was one of those women, like Miss Eva, who presided more charmingly over her household than ever she could do anything else.

Eva May trembled a little. She belonged to an honest frank generation, compared to Miss Eva's with her cherished secret love, but she had never really been frank with herself until tonight.

It came to her now that keeping house, as Miss Eva had kept it, required a special talent, just as writing or singing professionally did. That, in the end, it was as important to posterity, as permanent as any human achievement could be permanent.

Eva May spoke at last. "Kiss me," she said softly. "Kiss me!"

Through the seeping quiet of the house she heard Mrs. Watkins's lowered voice talking over the extension telephone on the landing.

"Yes, I gave her your message, Mr. Brooks—and she said to give you her love. . . . Yes, she understood, and she wanted me to say Eva May was with her. She said you would understand. Yes, Eva May. . . . Certainly; I will tell her again if you wish. I will give her your dearest love. . . . No, I won't fail to tell her—your dearest love."

Eva May closed her eyes as Hugh drew her closer within the circle of his arms. She felt an overwhelming pity not only for Miss Eva but for all the ladies and lovers of Vineville who had so tragically muddled their lives. Even though she realized that she owed her very life and love to them, she was infinitely sorry for them. "Poor Miss Eva—poor angel!" she said aloud. And then softly, to herself, "Poor father, poor mother!"

Hugh kissed her eyes.

"I—I'm so glad I love you," she told him. "I'm so glad I'm alive, and that we love each other."

THE END

Scrambled History Prize Winners

Week of November 4

$50 FIRST PRIZE

JOHN A. CRAWFORD, Norristown, Pa.

$25 SECOND PRIZE

MILTON JAMES, Chicago, Ill.

$15 THIRD PRIZE

WILLIAM T. HARRIS, Atlanta, Ga.

$10 FOURTH PRIZE

EMIL GRAVES, Tampa, Fla.

TEN $5 PRIZES

Mary R. Clifford, Detroit, Mich.; Stewart Cuthbert, Detroit, Mich.; Pauline Fulton, Rutland, Vt.; L. C Gaynor, New Haven, Conn.; Helen A. Gowen, New Brunswick, N. J.; William A. Pierce, Lexington, Miss.; Marion C. Pryne, Berkeley, Calif.; Miriam F. Shankman, Troy, N. Y.; Bertrand T. Wood, New Bedford, Mass.; Ralph Zeltman, Colorado Springs, Colo.

FIFTY $2 PRIZES

J. M. Ash, Pittston, Pa.; Mrs. Fred Benson, LaMoille, Iowa; Ray A. Brown, Duluth, Minn.; Mrs. Adam Bulin, St. Paul, Minn.; Mrs. Harry W. Clairmont, Los Angeles, Calif.; Edgar H. Clarke, Forest Hills, N. Y.; Robert Downs, Merrittstown, Pa.; T. E. Dunn, St. Andrews, N. B.; George F. Dutt, Charleston, W. Va.; L. B. Everson, Philadelphia, Pa.; Anne Fassett, Warrensville, Ohio; Marie D. Fortney, Hamburg, Pa.; Mary L. Frodymo, Providence, R. I.; F. J. Gamble, Toppenish, Wash.; Miss C. R. Gaynor, Stratford, Conn.

Clarence Gilstrap, Racine, Mo.; Rene Gough, Los Angeles, Calif.; William Grace, Birmingham, Ala.; Vera Grant, Imperial, Calif.; Eleanor Gravelle, Rutland, Vt.; Warren B. Gregory, Stratford, Conn.; Harold H. Griffin, Tulsa, Okla.; Kathleen Hamel, Yazoo City, Miss.; Margaret Graven Kemper, Springfield, Ohio; Mrs. Gwen Keys, Red Oak, Iowa; John E. Lamy, Sedalia, Miss.; George W. Lancaster, Union, N. J.; Laurence D. Landstron, Rockford, Ill.; Mrs. Marion E. Little, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mrs. Ralph Maller, Red Oak, Iowa; Clement J. McEvoy, Council Bluffs, Iowa; Frank McKechnie, San Francisco, Calif.

Ansel B. Miller, Springs, Pa.; William H. Monroe, Portland, Ore.; Eugene M. Owen, San Francisco, Calif.; Ruth Painter, Mount Carmel, Ill.; Marguerite Pauschert, Los Angeles, Calif.; Margaret Pedley, Hawthorne, N. J.; Ida R. Price, Seattle, Wash.; J. W. Richards, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. G. H. Richardson, Waverly, Ohio; Harold N. Roundy, Hines, Ill.; M. E. Runckel, Oakland, Calif.; Elizabeth Solomon, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. L. C. Squire, Council Bluffs, Iowa; Mrs. Ruth E. Steeby, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Mrs. Allie Taylor, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mary Taylor, Enid, Okla.; Mrs. John W. Williams, Jr., Roanoke, Va.; Alice W. Wilson, Montpelier, Vt.

IF YOU'D A GONE TO NIGHT SCHOOL, YOU MIGHT HAVE LEARNED SOMETHIN' ABOUT MACHINERY.
CAN I HELP IT IF THE LUNGS FALL OUT OF THE DARNED THING ?
NICE POLLY.
OH MOM, LOOKIT THIS.
HOT ZIGG
BERT GREEN

Mr. Speed had never had a tire in his hands, let alone fix one.

Get a Horse!

A Tale of the Days When the Family Bus Seemed Sometimes a Family Bust

WORDS AND PICTURE BY

BERT GREEN

(Reading time: 6 minutes 55 seconds.)

BOYS and girls, didja ever get a peek at one of those dizzy cars they called "horseless carriages" that used to leap about the streets in 1902 or thereabouts?

I know a man who was one of the pioneer owners and I'm going to let you in on what he went through.

To begin with, our hero, Harold Speed, was quite the he-devil during the days of Lillian Russell.

The start of this man's hectic career began on a high-wheeled bike. No foolin', he was one of the snappiest pedal pushers that ever burned a groove in the boulevard.

His next venture into the sporting world was horse racing. He hitched the horse to a two-wheeled affair called a sulky. In case you don't know what a sulky is, it's a toss-up between a fruit juicer and a foot warmer. The horse sits in your lap and you sit in the oil lamp.

Then one day he ran across this ad in the Evening Blast. Here's the ad:

FOR SALE:—Gentleman's horseless carriage. Very fast. Speed 15 to 20 miles per hour. Goes by naphtha or gasoline. Safe. Lever steer. Seats four. Sell reasonable. Address Benjamin Crankshaft, Union League Club, Brooklyn.

Well, when Mr. Speed saw the car, the nag and the sulky went overboard.

Brother! I wish you could have seen the can. In front it had two small wheels that would fit a roller skate. As for the rear ones, they were up to your Adam's apple. The contraption was a cross between a cream separator and a coffee mill.

Under the seat hid the gasoline tank. In case of an explosion you just jumped out and turned to the right. Alongside the tank were enough dry batteries to light a street. In order to start the thing, a huge crank was taken out from under the rear seat and inserted into a porthole on the left side of the body. By winding up the motor like you would an awning, the thing started. Once started, the driver seemed to wave at everybody, the way it jittered.

When it came to getting into the tonneau, you simply let down a small ladder in the rear and climbed up like you were a window cleaner.

As soon as the first excitement had died down, Anna (that's his wife) suggested that it would be a swell idea to take the children and motor to Sea Cliff, where they had their summer home. Mr. Speed thought so too.

Anna wore an imported hat that was a toss-up between a strawberry layer cake and a roasting pan. Over the hat draped a five-yard veil wrapped eight or ten times around her neck. To go with the hat went a long linen duster clear to the ground, with huge puff sleeves. It made you think of a pair of water wings glued to a golf bag.

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PHOTOFLASH LAMPS

Mr. Speed sported leather pants, a leather coat, leather gloves, and a leather cap. When he got his goggles on, you couldn't tell whether he was a fire horse or a deep-sea diver.

Anna climbed in, in front, with Buddy, her son, and Fifi, her pet Pekingese. The other two kids were piled in the rear.

Along with them went Duke the parrot, and an assortment of valises, bundles, and hatboxes.

For the first six miles everything was lovely. Then the engine died.

Mr. Speed stepped down out of the chariot to try to fix the thing. He opened up the hood and looked in. Not finding anything haywire in the front, he went to the rear to get the starting crank. In order to get the crank he had to open the rear door and lift Mildred, Junior, Duke the parrot, and the rear seat out into the street.

Then he cranked and cranked and cranked until he got himself all excited.

Anna told him he ought to be ashamed of himself for swearing on Sunday. So he quit and got out the book of instructions.

While he was busy looking over the book, a crowd began to gather.

A plasterer elbowed his way through the crowd and asked Mr. Speed if he could be of service. Mr. Speed was very grateful. The plasterer happened to find a loose wire hanging under the car. Not knowing what it was for, he attached it to a shiny thing that happened to be the one lone spark plug. When Mr. Speed cranked the car again, the motor went off with such a bang the whole crowd started running.

THEY had gone about one third of the way and were out in the country when they heard a terrible explosion in the rear. The car began bumping something awful. When Mr. Speed got out of the car to see what had happened, he found the left rear tire flatter than an anæmic flounder. Somehow, he had run over a horseshoe.

Mr. Speed had never had a tire in his hands, let alone fix one, but he started in. He bundled the two kids out of the tonneau, removed the suitcases and Duke the parrot. The tire was what they called a "clincher tire." The book said all you had to do was to "pry off one side and the rest was easy."

When Mr. Speed got the inner tube out, he located the two holes in it and dug out a box of assorted patches and a gadget to fix them.

Mr. Speed got the tire back on the wheel and began pumping it up. The bicycle pump that came with the "horseless carriage" was very small. After two solid hours the job was finished. Mr. Speed gathered up the tools and placed them in the car. He then lifted in the two kids and the parrot and fastened the rear seat in place.

He had no more than gotten the seat screwed down than he had to unscrew the blamed thing again to get the crank out.

Well, everything went along fairly well for the next four miles. Then the car gave one jerk and leaped into the air. After a series of jolts and jerks it slowed down and stopped. The motor raced like mad. Mr. Speed was so bewildered he could hardly stop the engine. When he looked back, he was surprised to see the driving chain lying in the road like a garden hose.

Mr. Speed had a terrible time with the chain. He must have lain under the car for an hour or more trying to get the thing hooked over the sprocket. Tools were all over the map.

He was grease from head to foot. He kept wiping his hands on an old rag that later proved to be the baby's nightgown.

WHEN at last they were ready to leave, they argued about it until they reached the Roslyn Hill. Starting to descend, the car gradually gained momentum. Mr. Speed applied the hand brake, but it kept on going faster and faster all the time. As there was only one brake on the car, Mr. Speed couldn't check it, no matter how hard he tried. By the time they were halfway down the hill the "horseless carriage" was doing thirty-five. When they got around the first curve, there, if you please, was a buggy parked right in the middle of the road. A fish peddler's wagon was standing alongside of it.

Anna let out one scream and passed out. As for Mr. Speed, somehow or other he managed to skim between the two wagons like nobody's business. He took a wheel off the fish wagon, throwing eels, lobsters, and smelts all over the horses. When he finally did stop he was halfway to the next town.

Mildred, Junior, and Duke had the time of their lives.

When Anna came to, she lit into friend husband unmercifully. To help the argument along, it started to rain good and proper.

Anna said, "If you don't get this contraption home soon, we'll all be down with pneumonia!"

So Mr. Speed got the crank out, and cranked and cranked. But nothing happened. He did everything the book said. He twisted this, that, and the other thing. He raised the hood and put it down. He screwed the buzzer on the dashboard. But, try as he might, the motor refused to go.

That night, when a horse towed the outfit to Sea Cliff, they found enough rain in the carburetor to drown a mackerel.

The next morning's paper carried this ad:

FOR SALE:—Gentleman's horseless carriage. Very fast. No limit to speed. Safe. Runs like new. Lever steer. Seats four. Will sacrifice! Address Harold Speed, Slippery Lawn, Sea Cliff.

THE END

FOURTH WEEK'S CASH WINNERS!

$5,000 HOME LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST

Another Chance for "Easy Money"
51 Prizes for This Week's Best Photos

THREE of the prize-winning home life snapshots in the fourth week of this series are reproduced herewith. The names of the fifty-one winners are listed below. Liberty congratulates each of them. Checks for the amounts of their prizes will be mailed forthwith.

Will you be listed among the winners of the present week's contest? You have until January 29 to submit your entry. That is the closing date of this week's competition. But don't delay just because there is a little leeway. Mail your entry as soon as it is ready. The rules at the lower right give complete instructions. Keep in mind that it is human interest rather than quality of photography which counts. Professional photographers are not eligible.

$5 CASH PRIZE WINNER
By Richard Torp

$10 CASH PRIZE WINNER
By James L. Di Onne

$100 FIRST PRIZE WINNER
By John T. Moss, Jr.

December 9 Prize Winners

$100 FIRST PRIZE

JOHN T. MOSS, JR.
New York, N. Y.

TEN $10 PRIZES

Helen De Gaston, Santa Barbara, Calif.; James L. Di Onne, Ranier, Minn.; Bill Gettys, Lugoff, S. C.; Otelia Goetting, Columbus, Ga.; Gaston Guellich, East Orange, N. J.; C. R. Hecker, Cincinnati, Ohio; Michael J. Higgins, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Christian Huff, Takoma Park, Md.; Joseph M. Ramsey, Cleveland, Ohio; M. E. Taylor, Oakland, Calif.

FORTY $5 PRIZES

Dorothy Adams, Tacoma, Wash.; J. G. Adams, Abilene, Tex.; Henry E. Beardsworth, Pelham Manor, N. Y.; Mrs. D. Bruce, Calgary, Alta.; Mary Bruehl, Sherwood, Wis.; Philip Cole, Washington, D. C.; William E. Clark, Winchester, Mass.; H. H. Dixon, Macleod, Alta.; Hunley L. Dotson, Jr., Faywood, N. M.; Helene F. Ellis, Knoxville, Tenn.; Alvin L. Fischer, Jasper, Ind.; Theona Flick, Bellingham, Wash.; Virginia Foreman, San Mateo, Calif.; A. R. Hopping, Dayton, Ohio; Carl T. Julien, Celo, N. C.; Arthur Lieser, St. Louis, Mo.; L. V. Lillvik, Fort Totten, N. Y.

Clinton V. McCoy, Brookline, Mass.; Mrs. J. M. McMinn, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Edwin D. Moody, Pittsfield, Mass.; Bernice Nearhorf, Bellwood, Pa.; Ellen Nelsen, Los Angeles, Calif.; John J. Neuer, Erie, Pa.; B. W. Nowlin, St. Louis, Mo.; John E. Roberts, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. F. C. Sayles, Ishawoca, Wyo.; Herman Scheible, Ridgefield Park, N. J.; R. W. Stevens, Kelowna, B. C.; J. M. Stofan, Garfield, N. J.; Mrs. H. V. Trevoy, Calgary, Alta.; Richard Torp, Rochester, N. Y.; Stanley C. Thomas, Marion, Ia.

Dr. H. M. Takahashi, San Francisco, Calif.; Mrs. William Watson, Berwick, Ill.; H. D. White, Raleigh, N. C.; Charles Whitmore, Winnipeg, Man.; Bob Wilkins, King City, Calif.; W. E. Wright, Fargo, N. D.; Mrs. J. R. Van Sickler, Roanoke, Va.; Wallace W. Ziebarth, St. Paul, Minn.

SNAPSHOT CONTEST RULES

TEN WEEKLY CONTESTS

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will award $400 in cash prizes for the best home life snapshots submitted by nonprofessional photographers.

2. Any one, anywhere, may enter except professional photographers, employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

3. There is no restriction regarding size of prints. Enlargements are eligible, but in case of enlargements the prints from which such enlargements are made must be attached.

4. Photographs need not be taken specially for this contest, but they must be taken on or after November 8, 1933, and in every case must be the work of the person who submits them. By entering any contest in this series you agree that you will upon request submit to Liberty the negative from which your print was made. Such negatives will be returned if desired.

5. Submit as many prints as you wish. Write plainly or print name and full address on the back of each. No prints will be returned. Prize-winning prints become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.

6. The first weekly contest closes Monday, December 4, and succeeding contests will close each following Monday, including February 5, 1934, which ends the contest series.

7. Quality of photography does not count, except that any snapshot in order to be awarded a prize must be of sufficient clearness to reproduce satisfactorily for publication. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of human interest only. Judging on that basis, each week of this contest series the person submitting the best snapshot will receive the first prize of $100, etc., as per the cash prize schedule elsewhere on this page.

8. Address all entries to HOME LIFE SNAPSHOTS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 555, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

$1,000 GRAND PRIZE RULES

1. Regardless of whether or not it has won a weekly prize, every entry in the contest series will be eligible for one of the five $200 Grand Prizes to be awarded when the contest series closes.

2. These Grand Prizes will be awarded for the following divisions: Group A, best baby snapshot. Group B, best family group. Group C, best home interior. Group D, best pet picture. Group E, the snapshot that most nearly tells a complete story.

3. The conditions set forth in Rules 3, 4, 5, and 7 above apply to this Grand Prize offer.

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VOX POP

WHY 82 MEN DIE PENNILESS

LANCASTER, OHIO—This nation has all the land, soil fertility, machinery, labor, and almost all the raw materials to supply all necessities and luxuries.

To make supply and demand function properly, an improved credit system must replace blind obligating.

Wages at present are based on precedent and competition, not the actual needs of employees. When employees can no longer work or obtain employment, they and their dependents must live on income or charity. Compare the daily expenses of employees for actual needs with the daily income on $1,000 at 3, 4, or 5 per cent and it will become readily apparent why 82 out of every 100 men die penniless and in debt during the normal and prosperous times that we once enjoyed.

There must be a wholesale readjustment between the prices of labor and commodities by analysis.—*J. Keller Kirk, Vice President Farmers and Citizens Bank.*

WE THOUGHT SO

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Congratulations on the December 9 issue of Liberty with your new feature, Good Books of the Month. It is excellently placed and I think it's going to be a great help toward making good books more widely known. My congratulations and best wishes for the success of Oliver Swift's new department.—*Frank Frazier, J. P. Lippincott Company.*

"YOU MAY CALL THIS BOLSHEVISM OR—"

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—Please allow my limited intellect to shed a little light on Mr. H. G. Wells's article in Liberty for December 9.

In the world as it stands today, ignorance is divided from knowledge by a wall of waste energy, built by human beings. This wall comprises religious, social, national, and race prejudice. You may call this bolshevism, bunkism, or what you will, but a fact is nothing else.—*Stephen Wesley.*

CAPTAIN BOYCOTT WAS HIS UNCLE

NEWARK, N. J.—My attention has been drawn to an item, Whence Came the Name of Boycott? in Vox Pop of your issue dated November 25. Your editorial reply has many inaccuracies and maligns the character of a very fine sportsman and gentleman.

My parents having died in my childhood, my home was with my uncle and guardian, the Captain Boycott referred to, and I was at Lough Mash House on vacation from school at the time the trouble started, and remained there to help through the entire period.

Captain Boycott was essentially a fair man; he did his duty as he saw it to his employer, the Earl of Erne, and to the tenants with whom he came in contact.—*A. St. John Boycott.*

★ ★ ★ ★

THE FOUR-STAR LETTER

From what I know of guinea pigs I would rather see than be one. But it has been suggested by one of the leading minds of our country that in company with some 129,999,999 other Americans, I may after all be one of these unfortunate animals and as such the victim of experimentation.

Of course what I am thus inspired to think about is this very perplexing and, if we are to believe what we read, very menacing question of inflation.

After all, what is inflation? Does it mean the printing of money in such amounts that it will take one billion of new dollars to equal in value one of the dollars we now have? This is what we understand to have happened in Germany with disastrous results.

But why, we are moved to inquire, can't inflation be controlled? No less an authority than Mr. Baruch assures us that this just can't be done. He says, in fact, that "people who talk about controlled inflation might as well talk about firing off a gun gradually," and that "it is like a surgical operation on the human heart. The surgeon has a leeway of only one mistake, and if he makes it the only other help needed will be the undertaker."

This is strong medicine and it has me scared. But what can I do about it? However, even a guinea pig may be allowed one good squeal before he goes on the operating table. And since the administration asks for constructive ideas in this monetary crisis, I should like to go on record as having made a contribution. Why couldn't Congress be invited to take a thoroughgoing course in "Inflation—To Have or Not to Have?" Never before have such opportunities for instruction been available in our capital. There are plenty of resident college professors, the best in the country, with lots of bright ideas and with their salaries all paid; plenty of vacant space in government buildings for classrooms; and enough unemployed citizens to empty waste-paper baskets and fill inkwells in return for the privilege of listening in from the back rows. The rest of us would be glad to contribute pencil sharpeners.—*H. P. Carlson.*

Mr. Carlson gets $25 for the above. Liberty is now paying $25 for every communication which the editors think sufficiently outstanding to be published as a Four-Star Letter. We don't guarantee to print one every week; they may not come that often. But when they do arrive we'll publish and pay for them.

★ ★ ★ ★

WHERE DID HE GET THE MAKINGS?

PITTSBURGH, PA.—Neither Alfred E. Smith nor any one else should be afraid of the money policy of the President. Mr. Smith could as well have spoken of sausage money as of baloney money—it would have meant as much. Where did Mr. Smith get the makings of his baloney?—*A. F. Link, D. D. Sc.*

CERTAINLY A BELL RINGER

CHICAGO, ILL.—Your article Fumes and Flames in November 25 Liberty is certainly a bell ringer.

Aside from the fact that it is excellently written and packed full of drama, there is no mistaking the splendid safety lesson.—*T. A. Burke, Director of Publicity, National Safety Council.*

CASPER, WYO.—Of course, as Safety Director of the Rocky Mountain Division for our company, I found myself more than ordinarily interested in Fumes and Flames.

Whether or not you had in mind any thought of the development of accident-prevention work, the fact remains that your article is very readily interpreted from that standpoint.—*Boyd V. Osborn, Industrial Relations Department, Standard Oil Company.*

CRITICISM AND PRAISE

AKRON, OHIO—Atta magazine, Liberty! Humorous character covers are just the thing to start your readers off with a smile.

Even though the contents of your magazine are no good, the cover design always compensates for that deficiency.—*Edna Cherry.*

"MY BROTHER" INTRODUCED MARLENE TO FAME

CHICAGO, ILL.—In Liberty of December 2, 1933, Helen Starr, in Marlene Returns, speaks of Berthold Helm, "a" director of the Reinhardt school, who introduced her (Dietrich) to Rudolf Sieber.

Please note that it was Berthold Held, the director of the Deutsche Schauspiel-Schule (the Reinhardt school), my brother, who died in 1931.

Berthold Held was a boyhood friend and an associate of Max Reinhardt for about thirty years.—*William Held, M. D., Director of the United States Health League.*

SIMON-PURE AMERICANS ALL!

PORTLAND, ORE.—For heaven's sake, Pop, have a heart! First it was the Bluenoses, then it was the Gob-Leatherneck controversy, and now it is the long-winded unpronounceable-word plague. Haven't you got any mercy in your make-up?

How about laying off those subjects for a time and telling us how to pronounce some of those simon-pure, one hundred per cent American names carried by college football players this year?—*A. G. Renk.*

HOW MANY AGREE?

PEARL HARBOR, HAWAII—To make Liberty even better, you might try installing a good chess problem each week. Many people would gladly pay a nickel for that alone I feel sure.—*H. C. Bailey, U. S. N.*

CROWDING HOLLYWOOD OFF THE MAP

VANCOUVER, B. C.—When are you going to give us another yarn like The Murder of the Circus Queen? In my opinion it was the best written story in years. It is, as you know, in the films now, but spoiled by the usual Hollywood inaccuracies. The mysterious death of lovely Josie la Tour becomes banal by means of a poisoned arrow discharged through the opening at central circus pole. Do they erect such in Madison Square Garden? I have never been there, so do not know.

Anyway, the up-to-date way of killing Josie by your original scientific method was a central mystery worthy of adaptation.

Hollywood will soon be crowded off the map by England, France, and Germany—all sticklers for detail and truthful depiction.—*G. H. Dee.*

TITUS WAS A BUGLER

KANSAS CITY, MO.—The first installment of Tex O'Reilly's Fighting Jew, in the December 9 issue of Liberty, contains some understandable inaccuracies.

Titus was not a member of the Ninth Infantry, but was a bugler in Company E, Fourteenth Infantry.

Titus and about twenty-five other members of E and H companies scaled the wall of the Chinese City at a point about two miles from the Ch'ien Mên gate on the 14th of August. The assault upon the Ch'ien Mên gate and the Imperial City took place the following day. Reilly's battery entered through the gate, climbed the ramp on the inner side, and took position on top.

Tex is correct about the looting, but he evidently was too busy trying to deliver his message to Liscum to get his share.—*E. S. (Baldy) Davis, Company E, Fourteenth U. S. Infantry.*

"I TOO HIKED OVER THE ROUTE"

PITTSBURGH, PA.—I was in the old Thirteenth Infantry, and when Tex O'Reilly, in his story The Fighting Jew, speaks of Cavite, Bacoor, Imus, San Nicolas, etc., he brings back old memories to me, for I too hiked over the route.

Later I went to China, but not to Peking, as did Sam Dreben. My route was up the greatest river of China, the Yangtze-kiang, to Hankow.—*Frederick M. Hohmann, National Historian, Eighth Army Corps, Veteran Association.*

HOW TO SPELL TWO FOREIGN NAMES

CHICAGO, ILL.—We noticed in a recent issue of Liberty a discussion of the correct spelling of two foreign names, and thought you might be interested in knowing our authority.

According to the decisions of both the United States Geographic Board and the Permanent Committee of Geographical Names of the Royal Geographic Society, the correct spellings for the places referred to are as shown in the Rand McNally Atlas: Sharkov, Skagerrak.—*L. E. Hurley, Map Division, Rand McNally & Company.*

"A RECOGNIZED AMBASSADOR ON THE SPOT"

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—The long delayed recognition of Russia is another indication that our present administration functions without fear or favor.

The fear of Russian influence which was translated in a so-called "prudence" interfered with our financial recovery and also put all manner of obstacles in the way of Russian reconstruction. We needed a recognized ambassador on the spot to help us attend to the complicated political and economic situation in the Orient.

The countries now under dictatorship will no doubt be able to rearrange their régimes, in the future, so as to interfere as little as possible with the creative energies of their people.—*John S. Ellison.*

"A TRUE SCOT IS NEVER ASHAMED"

FORT WORTH, TEX.—I take issue with T. H. Bell in Vox Pop of November 25. A true Scot is never ashamed of the ancient costume of the clans of Scotland. Through the centuries of Edinburgh's history patriotic citizens of Auld Reekie can see the ghostly columns of countless Scottish regiments dressed in kilts marching to write their names in glory upon the pages of their Empire's history. The Castle gates have opened countless times to the warlike skirl of pipers leading the Edinburgh Highlanders to the wars in many lands and they were not dressed in breeches.

Remember, Mr. Bell, the right to wear the Scottish national dress requires in turn the individual's right to wear the clan tartan. The characters in the story in question also had that family right, so the artist was justified.—*Jock.*

AMERICAN PROBLEMS FIRST

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—Mr. H. G. Wells's guess may be as good as any one's, although I feel that the question of Roosevelt's Place in History is premature.

President Roosevelt was elected to govern 137,000,000 people, each of whom had something he wanted.

President Roosevelt's preëlection platform was a series of promises to the American people which are being fulfilled with miraculous speed.

When a national rehabilitation has been accomplished he may find time for international problems. However, it is to the American people that he has pledged his life and to them he is giving the best that is in him.—*Dr. Warren E. Godske.*

SURELY NOT!

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In your answers to Twenty Questions in December 16 Liberty you say that John Jay was the first chief justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Surely John Marshall was the first chief justice—the man, in fact, who could almost be said to have established our highest tribunal. —*Doubting Thomas.*

[One of Washington's first acts after he became President in 1789 was to appoint John Jay chief justice of the Supreme Court, a body that had been created by the Federal Convention of 1787. Marshall, as a matter of fact, was the fifteenth chief justice, being appointed in 1801.—THE EDITOR.]

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Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by first-class postage), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

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The Fighting Jew

SAM STATIONED HIS MEN. CASTRO'S FORCE CAME DASHING IN. THEN SAM GAVE THE ORDER TO

(Reading time: 20 minutes 30 seconds.)

PART SIX—CONCLUSION

BACK in civilian clothes, Dreben buckled down to the unromantic task of earning a living selling insurance and real estate. It was not long until a great fortune was again knocking at his door, but this time Lady Luck dealt him a poor hand.

It was the time of the postwar boom, and wildcatters and geologists were getting interested in the Pecos River district. Sam was sold on the idea and with borrowed money secured options on a large tract of land. Wells were being drilled near by; every one was waiting and watching developments.

That was the trouble—they waited too long. Sam held on to his leases until the last minute, straining his credit to raise very dollar he could. He organized the Dreben Petroleum Company in an attempt to raise funds to sink a well. He could not quite make the grade and was forced to sell out to meet his obligations. The venture ended only in more debt.

He had been back at his old routine of insurance peddling only a few weeks when his successors brought in a gusher. That field that Sam had held under lease has since produced a million-dollar profit. It is in the heart of the immensely rich Pecos field. Sam took the disaster without flinching.

"It just wasn't my time to win," he said cheerfully. "Next time Mrs. Dreben's boy will throw seven."

If fortune eluded him, honors came in plentiful measure. The American Legion was holding its convention in Kansas City. Dreben was elected one of the Texas delegates. The veterans made every effort to make the occasion a grand success. The outstanding leaders of the Allies accepted the invitation to attend as guests of the rank and file.

ND OPENED UP WITH HIS FAVORITE WEAPON.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES DeFEO

A special train arrived with General Pershing, Marshal Foch, Admiral Beatty, and General Diaz. Vice President Coolidge arrived on a later train.

Dreben had been slated for one of the national offices in the Legion, fifth vice president or something equally high ranking. The day before the election had been held and Sam was traded out of his job by his political friends. To drown his disappointment he invested in corn whisky and celebrated with some of his cronies.

About seven o'clock in the evening he showed up at the hotel where he was stopping and made for the dining room, hungry as a wolf. He wore his old sergeant's uniform and cap, just as he had marched in the parade. Two marine sergeants standing guard at the door of the dining room rudely shoved him back.

"How do you get that way, buddies?" Sam asked. "Here is where I've been eating when I eat heavy. What's the big idea?"

"This dining room is reserved tonight for the big shots," one of the guards growled. "Beat it. Only generals allowed in here."

Sam wandered away, hungry and crestfallen. Just then a squad of policemen came through the lobby, clearing a lane through the crowd. The band struck up Hail to the Chief, and General Pershing, arm in arm with Marshal Foch, came marching down the lane. Pershing happened to see his old scout standing at salute.

"Hello, Sergeant Dreben. What are you doing here?" he asked, stopping and grasping Sam by the hand.

"I've just been trying to eat, general," he replied, grinning, "but the marines gave me the bum's rush."

Turning to Marshal Foch, General Pershing said, "Marshal, I want you to meet one of my bravest soldiers."

Touching the Médaille Militaire, which France awards only for great heroism, Marshal Foch embraced the little sergeant.

"Sam, come on and have dinner with us," Pershing invited, catching him by the arm.

Saluting and stepping back a pace, Sam followed the two great World War commanders into the dining room. As he passed the marine guards he put his hand to his mouth and in a hoarse whisper said:

"Go jump in the Missouri River, you two leatherneck tramps! Here's where I eat with my equals."

THAT he regarded Dreben as an intimate personal friend was demonstrated by General Pershing on another occasion. The general visited New Orleans and was welcomed with wild enthusiasm. Sam was in town trying to sell insurance to ex-insurrectos. He was in the crowd at the depot when the official welcoming committee escorted Pershing through the station. Again the leader of the A. E. F. espied his old friend.

"Hello, Sam!" he cried, holding up the procession to grasp his hand. "What are you doing?"

"Just one of the cheer leaders," Sam replied.

"Come on, join the party!" exclaimed Pershing. Leading the dumpy little Jewish doughboy by the arm, he escorted him to the official car, and little Sammie rode in triumph through the streets of New Orleans. Again he dined in the seats of the mighty.

That same year Dreben stirred up a hornets' nest in the American Legion post of El Paso in defense of the American principles which were a religion with him. That weird secret organization the Ku-Klux Klan had swept through the South and gained a strong foothold in Texas.

The Kluxers were ambitious. Working under cover, the masked organization had even secured entry to the American Legion.

The El Paso Post held a meeting for the election of officers. Dreben's pride had been stung by the knowledge that the Klan looked upon him as an alien enemy in

THE AMAZING STORY OF

WILDCAT SAM DREBEN

By His Old Pal

TEX O'REILLY

Pershing and Foch—One More Shot of "This War Stuff"—Little Phil Alguin, Bad Hombre—The Bugles Blow Taps

the adopted land that he loved. He introduced a resolution demanding that no member of the Klan be eligible for office in the Legion. A stormy debate followed.

"I am a loyal member of the Legion and a loyal American citizen," he said, when he was granted the floor. These men, oathbound to secrecy, hide behind their masks, and say that because I am a foreign-born Jew I am not good enough to be an American.

"Every time America has called for volunteers I have put on the uniform. They did not ask me at the recruiting office if I was a Jew, and they did not ask me on the firing line what my race or religion was. How am I going to get a square deal in the Legion from any K. K. K. official? The soldiers didn't wear masks in France, and they don't need them now."

The chair ruled that Dreben's resolution was out of order. He appealed to the post from the ruling. The appeal was carried without a dissenting voice.

Shortly afterward there came an invitation from Washington that showed that Sergeant Dreben was not forgotten. The Unknown Soldier was buried in Arlington Cemetery with national honors. General Pershing was asked to pick the guard of honor from among the men who had showed the greatest bravery in the war. He named Dreben as one of the nation's heroes. With Sergeant York, Sergeant Woodfill, Major Whittlesey, and others who had won fame by their heroism, Sam journeyed to Washington as the guest of the nation, and marched in the last parade of the Unknown Soldier.

He had remarried and seemed fated for the life of a peaceful civilian when out of a clear sky along came another war. It was a funny little war that only lasted a few hours, but it was hot while it lasted and Sam Dreben was the whole show.

Juárez, the Mexican city across the Rio Grande from El Paso, was almost denuded of soldiers. General Mendez, the *jefe de armas*, was in command. An ambitious young captain named Castro, with visions of being a second Pancho Villa, decided it was a good time to stage a revolt. He carried most of the soldiers with him and gathered his small army on the outskirts of Juárez.

General Mendez was in a panic. He could muster scarcely a score of loyal soldiers and a few guns. Instinctively he raced across the line and consulted his old friend Sam Dreben. Firing had already started in the Mexican town, and the customhouse was being attacked.

"Never mind, general, I'll go lick them for you," Sam assured him.

He hastened across the international bridge with an automobile loaded with rifles, and hastily assembled a motley company. Only about a score were soldiers, and Sam raised about twenty railroad men and civilians. More important, he had a machine gun, and that meant bad news for the rebels.

HE marched his little company down the railroad track where Captain Castro was marching into town confident of an easy victory. Sam stationed his men in the shadow of box cars and behind lumber piles. Castro's force came dashing in, shouting "*Viva* Mexico!" and bombarding everything in sight. Then Sam gave the order to fire and opened up with the *pup-pup-pup* of his favorite weapon.

The battle lasted about ten minutes, and Captain Castro quickly changed his plans. He led the retreat more valiantly than he had led the advance. Sam ordered a charge and his men drove the remnant of insurrectos out into the desert. He then returned to Juárez and drove out the company that was besieging the customhouse. At dawn he sent the following message to General Mendez, who had remained on the American side of the border:

Come on over. The war is over. Want you to take charge as I have to get back to my office.

An hour or two later newspapermen found Dreben calmly eating breakfast in the hotel. To their excited queries he replied, "I'm good and sore. That damn' war kept me awake all night. Now I've got to apologize to my wife. I promised her that I wouldn't fight in any more wars. It sure is hard to be a business man."

From that day he kept his promise. That Saturday-week-end war was the last time he ever tuned up the old machine gun or led a charge. There was another fight in the near future, however, more dangerous than a Mexican battle.

In Juárez Dreben was the hero of the hour. But two days after stopping the revolt he was a prisoner in the Juárez jail with a howling mob seeking to lynch him.

The story of the attempted kidnaping of "Little Phil" Alguin, one of the most noted criminals of the West, would sound like a wild movie thriller if it were not attested in every detail by court records. In that attempt Dreben nearly lost his life.

For more than a year Little Phil had been a fugitive pursued by the police of a dozen states. He was charged with the murder of Detective Sergeant J. J. Fitzgerald of Los Angeles. Alguin was a well educated dudish little California Mexican, only five feet four inches in height, and very slight of build. He had a bad record as a bootlegger, narcotic seller, and all-around bad man.

Sergeant Fitzgerald and another officer visited a house in Los Angeles which they believed was a hangout for a band of dope peddlers. They found plenty of evidence, but only one man present, a Mexican named Lazaro Medrana. They handcuffed their prisoner to a chair and sat down to wait for other members of the gang. An hour passed; then the door opened and Little Phil entered. Fitzgerald covered him with his gun and put him under arrest.

"Just as you say," Alguin replied with a shrug. "What's the excitement?"

FITZGERALD slipped his gun into its holster and reached for his handcuffs. With a lightning gesture Alguin whipped out a pistol and shot the officer twice in the heart. He turned and dashed from the room. In a few minutes the long man hunt had started.

Chief of Police Luis D. Oaks was a lifelong friend of Fitzgerald. He vowed that he would get the killer. Alguin slipped through the cordon and headed east. For months he moved about the country, going east as far as Baltimore, and returning west to South Dakota. Several times he narrowly escaped capture.

In South Dakota he joined the Bailey & Hudson Circus as a clown, and for two months he capered about the arena making folks laugh with his antics. One day he had a fight with another circus hand. His courage was never doubted. When he lost his temper he would fly into an insane frenzy and fight against any odds.

Fearing arrest, he fled from the circus, and after more roving, crossed the Rio Grande at El Paso. For a time he wandered from town to town, practicing his old trade as a gambler. Then he succumbed to the lure of a Juárez dance-hall girl and settled in the border town. Despite the fact that there was a reward of $5,000 for his capture, he sometimes visited El Paso.

One night he joined a gang of gun men, crossed the border and held up the paymaster of the El Paso Brick Company, securing $1,800 and returning to Mexico. He left one fatal clue, his fingerprints upon the victim's automobile. The police checked up, and within a few hours knew his identity. Chief of Police Oaks took the next train for the border.

Sam Dreben now enters on the scene. The newspapers were still telling about his exploits in the overnight rebellion. He was famous as a trouble shooter. The Mexican authorities refused the extradition of Alguin, and Chief Oaks called on Sam for help. When it came to plotting, Sam could make Sherlock Holmes ashamed of himself. He presented a weird scheme for the kidnaping of the little crook.

Alguin had a tattoo mark on his arm with the words "Arizona Phil" in a floral design. This mark was on his prison records and was described in police circulars. It was known he had sought to have it erased.

Among Dreben's friends in El Paso was a soldier of fortune named Kelly, who had served with him in Central America and Mexico. Kelly had a dignified, ministerial appearance, and Sam decided that he would make a swell doctor. A kit of surgical instruments was borrowed and "Doctor" Kelly opened an office in Juárez.

He contrived to let it be known to Alguin that his specialty was removing tattoo marks.

Little Phil jumped at the bait and sent for the new medico. Kelly examined the mark and declared that it could be easily erased by a simple but painful operation. He arranged to do the job the next day.

At the time set, Dreben, Chief Oaks, and Chief of Detectives Claude Smith went to Juárez in a car driven by a chauffeur named Harvey. They took their station half a block from Alguin's rooming house. At the appointed hour Kelly went to Alguin's room.

The plot of the kidnapers was a complicated one. Kelly was to give the fugitive a narcotic that would put him to sleep, then to signal to Dreben to come and get him. He was to signal by spitting out of the window.

The " doctor " found complications in his path. Alguin was quite willing to take all the morphine that could be shot into his arm, but his inamorata, the dance-hall girl, was suspicious. She insisted on sitting in the room during the operation, and all arguments to move her were unavailing. Finally the fake doctor, who must have been an eloquent talker, persuaded her that she, too, was sick and gave her a dose of medicine. In a few minutes she *was* sick, and dizzily walked from the room.

Kelly spit out of the window. Sam Dreben left the car and came running to the door.

" I've given him all the dope that I dare," Kelly said. " He's groggy but not out yet."

" All right. We'll take him anyway," Sam said, and signaled to Oaks and Smith. They rushed to the room and lifting the half-dressed Alguin from the bed carried him to the sidewalk. The fresh air must have revived him, because Little Phil began to yell and fight—and what a fight he made! Sam said later that it was like trying to hold a wildcat by the tail.

" *Venga, amigos!* " shouted Alguin to the Mexicans on the street. " The gringos are kidnaping me! They will kill me! "

The Mexicans rallied to the rescue. Alguin was popular in the underworld of Juárez. A battle royal followed. Sam and the officers tried to hang on to the frenzied little murderer and fight off the crowd.

They succeeded in getting him into the car and Harvey started for the international bridge.

The alarm was telephoned to the guards at the bridge and the car was blocked. Another battle followed. Chief Oaks managed to fight his way across the bridge, but Sam, Detective Smith, and Harvey were overpowered by superior numbers, arrested, and started for the jail, several blocks away.

Sam Dreben at the time of his last dip into " this war stuff " in Mexico.

BY this time a crazy mob of about one thousand Mexicans surrounded the prisoners. Little Phil exhorted them to violence.

They tried to take the prisoners, and cries of " Lynch the gringos! " echoed through the crowd. Ropes were brought and the group of police and prisoners was the center of a yelling, milling throng.

It is probable that Sam Dreben's romantic career would have ended there, with him hanging to a telephone pole, if a guard of thirty soldiers had not arrived and driven the mob back.

The Americans were escorted to the jail and locked in cells. For hours the mob surrounded the jail yelling for vengeance.

When news of the arrest of Sam and the officers came to the American side of the line, his friends rushed to the rescue. The affair immediately became an international incident. City and county officials appealed to Washington to save the prisoners.

General John L. Hines, passing through El Paso on an inspection tour, left his train and offered his services in an attempt to rescue Dreben.

" My God, we can't let them shoot Sam Dreben! " he exclaimed. " He is the bravest man the Jewish race has produced since the time of Joshua."

THE Governor of Texas, Senator Culbertson, Congressman Hudspeth, and many prominent persons appealed to the State Department for action. Secretary of State Hughes replied that as long as the United States did not recognize the government of President Obregon, the State department could not appeal to that government for favors.

A rescue committee of El Paso citizens was formed, and Mason Pollard, a member of the same law firm as Major Burges, Sam's old commanding officer, was delegated to open negotiations. Finally he arranged bond for the prisoners. It was characteristic of Dreben that he refused to accept bond at first when he learned that his companions would not be released.

" No, I'll stick with the boys," he said. " We went into it together, and we'll go out together."

A Mexican judge accepted the bond, and after five days' solitary confinement on bread and water Sam Dreben and Detective Smith were given their liberty. They were met by a cheering crowd at the Texas end of the bridge.

Sam was asked how he fared in prison.

" Well, the first day wasn't so bad," he confided. " You see, it was Yom Kippur and I'd have fasted anyway."

There was a romantic last scene in this serio-comedy in which a heroine played a part, and Little Phil went to his reward.

A dark-eyed beauty who had been one of the headliners in Ziegfeld's Follies and also with Al Jolson had married the black sheep of a wealthy Mexican family and gone to Los Angeles. Her new husband was arrested on a charge of stealing autos. She went to the police officials and offered to go to Mexico, where her husband's family was influential, and secure the deportation of Alguin if her husband was released.

The Follies girl played her part. Little Phil was removed from Chihuahua to Mexico City, and in a few weeks was ordered deported. He was taken to Vera Cruz and given passage on a boat that he was told was bound for Guatemala. In fancied security he was standing on the deck when the boat docked. To his disgust he discovered that he had been shanghaied to Freeport, Texas.

Chief Oaks again arrived on the scene, true to his pledge to bring the murderer to justice. Alguin was taken to Los Angeles and tried for the murder of Fitzgerald, and he is now serving a life sentence in Folsom penitentiary.

Recently he again appeared in the news when he attempted to break prison.

Once more Dreben held up his hand and solemnly pledged " Never again." A year later he opened an office in Los Angeles and built up a prosperous insurance and real estate business. A few months before his last tragic

Scrambled History Prize Winners

Week of November 11

$50 FIRST PRIZE

ARCHIBALD A. JONES
Detroit, Mich.

$25 SECOND PRIZE

WILL HERMAN, New York, N. Y.

$15 THIRD PRIZE

LAWRENCE G. LANDSTROM
Rockford, Ill.

$10 FOURTH PRIZE

MARION EDWARDS, Montreal, Que.

TEN $5 PRIZES

Joe F. Feaganes, Roanoke, Va.; Phillip James, Chicago, Ill.; W. H. Jervey, Buffalo, N. Y.; Lowell Jones, Remington, Ind.; Alice Muchnic, Rochester, Ind.; Mrs. R. E. O'Connor, Charleston, W. Va.; John M. Rollins, 107 Willim Ave., San Antonio, Tex.; M. E. Schafer, Groveland, Fla.; Mrs. N. B. Scott, Peoria, Ill.; Mrs. E. C. Wescott, Wausau, Wis.

FIFTY $2 PRIZES

Marjorie Alderman, Brookfield, Ohio; Mrs. H. W. Anderson, Spokane, Wash.; Mrs. Louise Arndt, Ripon, Wis.; Frederic Burroughs, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Sherman M. Carey, Modesto, Calif.; E. E. Clark, Rapid City, S. D.; T. Maxwell Collier, Frankfort, Mich.; Charles C. Colman, Cleveland, Ohio; Mrs. Will Connor, North Platte, Neb.; Alice M. Cornish, Elkhart, Ind.; Antoinette De Mauri, Austin, Tex.; Mrs. Ralph O. Dulany, Fruitland, Md.; Mrs. D. B. Dunn, Marshall, Tex.; E. L. Edge, Denver, Colo.; George Eichert, Floral Park, N. Y.; John C. Gibson, Lancaster, Pa.

Mrs. Frank E. Gould, Yonkers, N. Y.; Sgt. William F. Hardy, Fort Moultrie, S. C.; Blanche M. Harton, Dyersburg, Tenn.; C. M. Houston, Pittsburgh, Pa.; E. B. Huse, Seattle, Wash.; R. L. Janes, Jeffersonville, Ohio; Charlotte Janz, Peru, Ill.; Mrs. Olive Johnson, Battle Creek, Mich.; Ruth Karras, Michigan City, Ind.; John M. Kenney, Madison, Wis.; George C. Lee, Brady, Mont.; George H. Lewis, New Boston, N. H.; Carl S. Lowden, Shelbyville, Ind.; Fred V. Maltby, Bradford, Pa.; Ralph McDonald, Columbus, Ohio; Anna Miller, Elkhart, Ind.

Alice M. Noel, Chambersburg, Pa.; Mrs. George Ormston, Lake Elsinore, Calif.; Tommy Orr, Centralia, Ill.; Dorothy Paddack, Indianapolis, Ind.; Harvey Peters, Corona, S. D.; John B. Pitcher, Chicago, Ill.; H. A. Rydell, Phoenix, Ariz.; W. E. Schreyer, Hollywood, Calif.; John C. Shaffer, Gladwin, Mich.; Thomas J. Shepard, Fort Valley, Ga.; Wilbur Sherman, Los Angeles, Calif.; John L. Sims, Birmingham, Ala.; Mrs. F. W. Smith, Chardon, Ohio; R. T. Smith, Chardon, Ohio; Douglas B. Spears, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Beulah Warner, Thermopolis, Wyo.; Mrs. Gale Watts, Portsmouth, Ohio; Mrs. Myrtis Weynant, Atlanta, Ga.

fight I received a letter from him.

TEX, you will never learn any sense [he wrote]. I hear you have been in another war. Remember that old law of averages. Wars are unhealthy. Follow my example. I am happily married, earning a good living, and have quit the wild bunch forever.

A few weeks later Major Burges received a letter which informed him that Sam had suffered a slight attack of paralysis.

I am glad my old Texas friends cannot see me now [he wrote]. An old doughboy should not have to walk with a cane. If Uncle Sam wants me for any more service he had better hurry up and start another war soon.

On March 15, 1925, Dreben went to the office of a doctor friend who was giving him treatment. A trained nurse in the office gave him some medicine.

He collapsed in the office and was rushed to the hospital.

"Don't frighten my wife Meada," he enjoined. "This is only a case of the jitters."

At the hospital an old friend stood at his bedside and told him, "I guess it's curtains this time, Sam. I know you'd want the truth."

"Bosh!" Sam whispered with a grin. "I never died a winter yet."

A few minutes later he was dead. It was characteristic of him that he should ride over the last divide with a grin and an old familiar jest on his lips.

WHEN the news of his death was printed, the response showed what an honorable place he had won in the hearts of his comrades. Telegrams poured into his home by the hundred. A dozen cities claimed him as a favorite son.

The Legislature of Texas adjourned for a day in his honor and the flag was hoisted at half mast on the state Capitol.

General Pershing sent this telegram to his widow:

Deepest sympathy in great loss you have suffered in death of your husband. He was my dear friend.

In a public statement given to the press General Pershing said: "Sergeant Sam Dreben was the finest soldier, and one of the bravest men I have ever known."

This is a fitting epitaph for the Fighting Jew. It is indeed praise from Sir Hubert.

His turbulent career did not end with his death. Several fraternal organizations and a Jewish society demanded the right to conduct the funeral. El Paso wanted the body returned for civic honors. Mrs. Dreben was called upon to settle the argument. "Sam was a soldier," she said. "He shall have a soldier's burial." The Hollywood Post of the American Legion conducted the last rites.

BECAUSE of the circumstances of Sam's sudden death, an investigation was demanded by friends. An autopsy was performed, and doctors and nurses were acquitted of blame. It was a tragic irony that the man who survived a hundred desperate battles should die by an unfortunate accident.

At his funeral a dozen military and fraternal organizations marched in the last parade. Louis Wolheim, his friend of Mexican days, was one of the pallbearers.

The firing squad fired the last salute and the bugle sounded taps over his grave.

Perhaps it is not his last resting place. As I write a movement has been started by his veteran comrades to have his body removed to Arlington Cemetery for burial among the nation's soldier heroes.

I am proud to say that Sam Dreben was my friend. As I look back over the long trail I see him as the young recruit, the immigrant boy in a strange land; I can see him charging into the jungle skirmish with the keen machetes swishing about his head; I can picture him singing and twanging his guitar by the desert camp fire; and I can see him respected and honored by the greatest of the nation.

He was a gentleman unafraid, and never betrayed a trust or weakened on a friend.

When brave men gather and talk of brave deeds, the Fighting Jew's name is on their lips.

In the battle of peace or war, he always "shot the works."

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 27

1—A plausible but false argument.
2—Gold, or aurum.
3—The offspring of a male horse and a female ass.
4—An imaginary island organized into an ideal state in Sir Thomas More's book of the same name.
5—Japan.
6—Between Korea and Manchuria.
7—A small three-masted vessel, with both square and lateen sails.
8—1,400 grams.
9—The State of Nevada uses lethal gas.
10—$2,650,000 at the Tunney-Dempsey fight in Chicago.
11—General William Henry Harrison.
12—August 26, 1920.
13—Sir Richard Arkwright.
14—In Egypt in 451 A. D.
15—The character in which Sanskrit is written.
16—Santo Domingo.
17—Bern.
18—A younger daughter or sister.
19—Dean Swift and Richard Steele.
20—A king of the Visigoths who sacked Rome.

Drawing-Room

(Reading time: 5 minutes 20 seconds.)

A Short Short Story

By

ELMER DAVIS

A STEADY downpour was drenching the Loop as Steve Dorman rode up to the station with Mildred beside him, cheerless and silent. He got out, gave his suitcase to a porter; but she kept her seat.

"We'd better say good-by here," she told him raggedly. "No use dragging it out. I'm sorry, Steve. I—I'd thought I'd be going back with you today. There's no other man, and I'm terribly fond of you—"

"But you suddenly feel you can't marry me? I don't understand."

"Neither do I," she sighed. "But somehow I don't feel as if—as if I want you quite enough. Last spring it was all right. If you hadn't gone to New York, and left me behind in Chicago—"

"What else could I do? The Concannon Agency offered me a job in New York, and I didn't have money enough then to take you with me and start housekeeping. You said you would wait till I came back for you—"

"And when you came," she said miserably, "I let you down."

"New York train?" the porter asked. "Yes, sir. What space?"

"Drawing-room A, in the observation car. Well, Mildred—"

"Steve! Why didn't you turn back my ticket, and change your drawing-room for a lower berth?"

"I hoped you'd change your mind. No chance?"

She shook her head; one last look at her and he ran for his train.

And for this he had slaved six months for J. P. Concannon, who treated his employees like servants. Steve liked his work, and he got along well with the other executives; but old J. P.— He climbed aboard, paid his porter, and sat down in his drawing-room.

Then, in the corridor outside he heard a familiar voice arguing with the Pullman conductor—old J. P. Concannon himself.

"But I tell you I've got to have a drawing-room! Yes, the ticket agent said they were all sold, but haven't any been turned back? I've got to have privacy—got to go over some papers before I get to New York."

Thankfully, Steve Dorman stepped forward.

"I have a drawing-room, Mr. Concannon, if you'd like to change."

"Huh? Oh, hello, Dorman. *You've* got a drawing-room?" Concannon stared; then, "That's fine. Give me your ticket. Here's mine; and I believe there's eighteen dollars difference in price."

He counted out the money and strode off to Drawing-room A. Steve stared after him, simmering. Not a word of thanks! Steve went to the lounge and stared gloomily out at the pouring rain till it was time to go to dinner. As he passed the drawing-room a porter came out with a tray of dishes; through the open door Concannon saw Steve in the corridor, and beckoned to him.

"Dorman," he said, "what were you doing with a drawing-room? That's a luxury you can't afford on your salary."

Steve was silent.

"Won't tell, eh?" Concannon snorted. "And you thought you'd curry favor with me by giving it up—get in right with the boss? Dorman, I expect my employees to help me out when they have a chance; and I haven't any use for a man who's living beyond his means. If you won't tell me why—"

Steve's rising anger boiled over at last.

"I certainly won't! It's none of your damned business! I let you have it because—because I didn't want it—"

"That's enough, Dorman! When we get back to the office you'll no longer be in my employ. Now clear out of here."

So now, thought Steve in the diner, staring at food he couldn't eat, I've kicked myself out of a job.

Afterward he sat watching the rain blown against the windows, trying vainly not to think, till at last he decided to see if he could sleep. From the observation lounge he walked past Concannon's drawing-room, down the train to the section two cars forward that was his now. As he parted the curtains he heard the wheels rumble over a bridge; the car shivered, swayed, and then gave a tremendous lurch that pitched him head first on the floor. There was a series of bumping crashes—then silence, broken after a moment by shouts and screams.

Presently Steve found himself standing on the ground in the pouring rain, beginning to be aware of a bleeding face, an aching head. A little beyond were the lights of a village. His car was derailed; the car behind lay with its wheels in the air; and behind that—nothing. The observation car was gone.

A bridge weakened by floods, sagging as the train passed over it, had given way under the last car of all. Anybody in that car who hadn't been killed by the fall must have been drowned. J. P. Concannon was dead. Steve laughed hysterically. It didn't matter, now, that Concannon hadn't thanked him.

But he must notify the home office. Steve started to look for a telegraph office, and felt his knees giving way.

IT was broad daylight when he came to in the emergency hospital in the village schoolhouse. His head was bandaged but he still had his clothes on; he sat up, got out of bed—and a doctor halted him.

Steve explained why he had to get up. A man who seemed to be in charge for the railroad joined them.

"In Drawing-room A of the observation?" he repeated. "We wondered who that was. Most of his clothes had washed out of the window. We found a few papers, but none with his name on them. Come take a look at him."

In the room where a row of bodies lay under blankets, he encountered a white-faced woman—Mildred! She collapsed in his arms.

"It's really you?" she stammered. "I can't believe—Oh, darling, darling, don't ever leave me again! I don't know what was the matter with me yesterday; when I saw the paper this morning, I wished I was dead too. Darling—don't let me go—"

"But I'm all right," he said. "What was it you saw in the paper?"

She fumbled in her hand bag, gave him a clipping—a list of dead, and at the end of the names: "UNIDENTIFIED MAN, in Drawing-room A of the observation car. Believed from papers found with him to be connected with the Concannon Agency of New York."

THE END

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THE HEIGHT OF GOOD TASTE

Reach for a Lucky, for always Luckies Pleas